FROM THE WORLD OF FABLEWOOD...

FICTION SQUAD™

NO. 1 OF 6

PAUL JENKINS & RAMON BACHS

BOOM! STUDIOS

FROM THE WORLD OF FABLEWOOD...

FICTION SQUAD™

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FAR ACROSS AN UNKNOWN OCEAN, A MILLION MILES FROM WHERE YOU ARE NOW, IS A LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE.

IF YOU TURN IN A CIRCLE, AND FOLLOW YOUR HEART TOWARDS THE FINGERNAIL MOON UNTIL IT FALLS BEHIND THE HILLS, YOU'LL COME UPON AN ENCHANTED FOREST KNOWN AS **FABLEWOOD.**

THIS IS A LAND OF MAGIC--THE HOME TO ALL OF THE STORIES THAT HAVE EVER BEEN **TOLD.**

Science Fiction Realm
Romance Realm
Unknown
Fantasy Realm
Fables
Fairy Tales
Children's Stories
Village of Rimes
Poems
Jokes
Horror Realm
Nursery Rhymes
Songs

TO THE WEST LIES THE UNCHARTED MYSTERY REALM. INWARDS, THE UNIFIED REALMS OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. TO THE DISTANT SOUTH LIES THE HIDEOUS REALM OF SCARY STORIES.

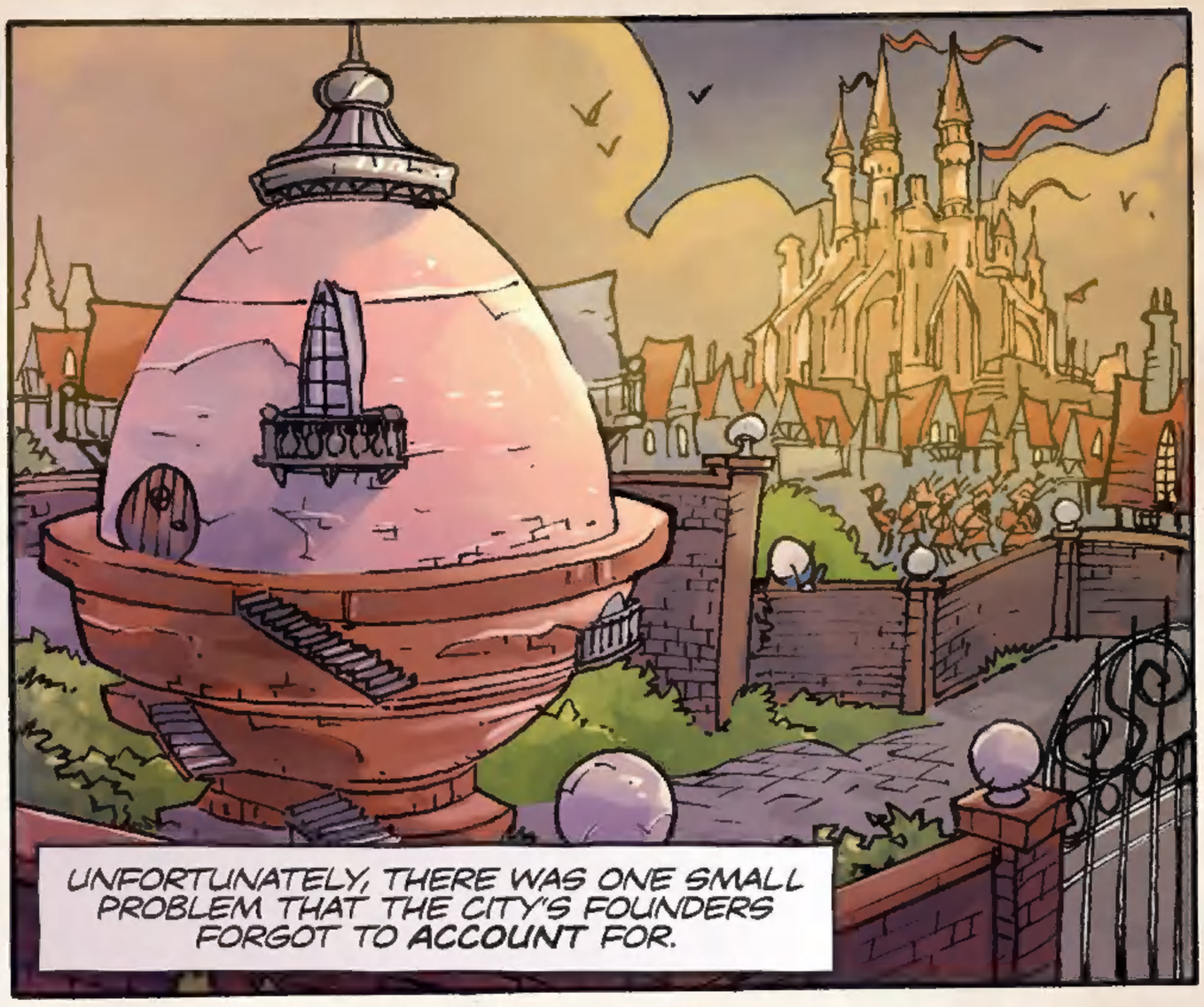
THERE ARE MANY OTHER REALMS, DIVIDED BY GENRE BORDERS. BEYOND THESE, IN THE MIST-SHROUDED DISTANCE, ARE THE LANDS OF THE **UNKNOWN**--HOME TO ALL THE TALES THAT ARE YET-TO-BE TOLD.

BUT AT THE HEART OF THE FOREST LIES THE REALM OF CHILDREN'S STORIES, THE LARGEST AND MOST FABULOUS REALM OF ALL.

AND AT THE VERY CENTER OF THIS PLACE LIES THE FABLED GOLDEN CITY OF **RIMES.**

OUR STORY BEGINS ONCE UPON A TIME.

ONCE UPON A TIME, RIMES WAS A PLACE OF INFINITE WONDER: ITS CITIZENS LIVED SIDE-BY-SIDE, REENACTING THE FIRST NURSERY RHYMES THAT ALL THE BABY BOYS AND GIRLS MIGHT EVER HEAR THEIR LOVING PARENTS SING.

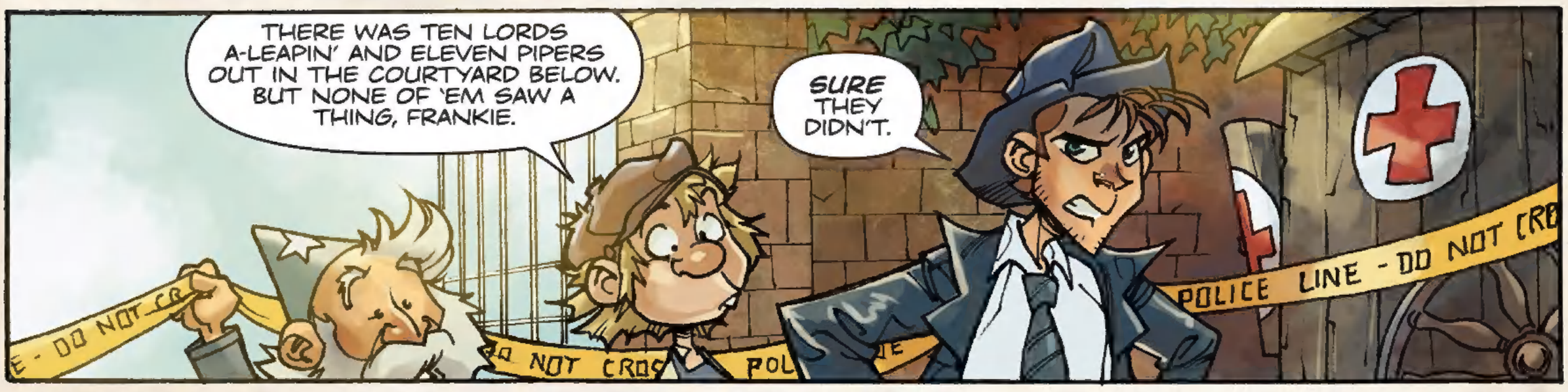


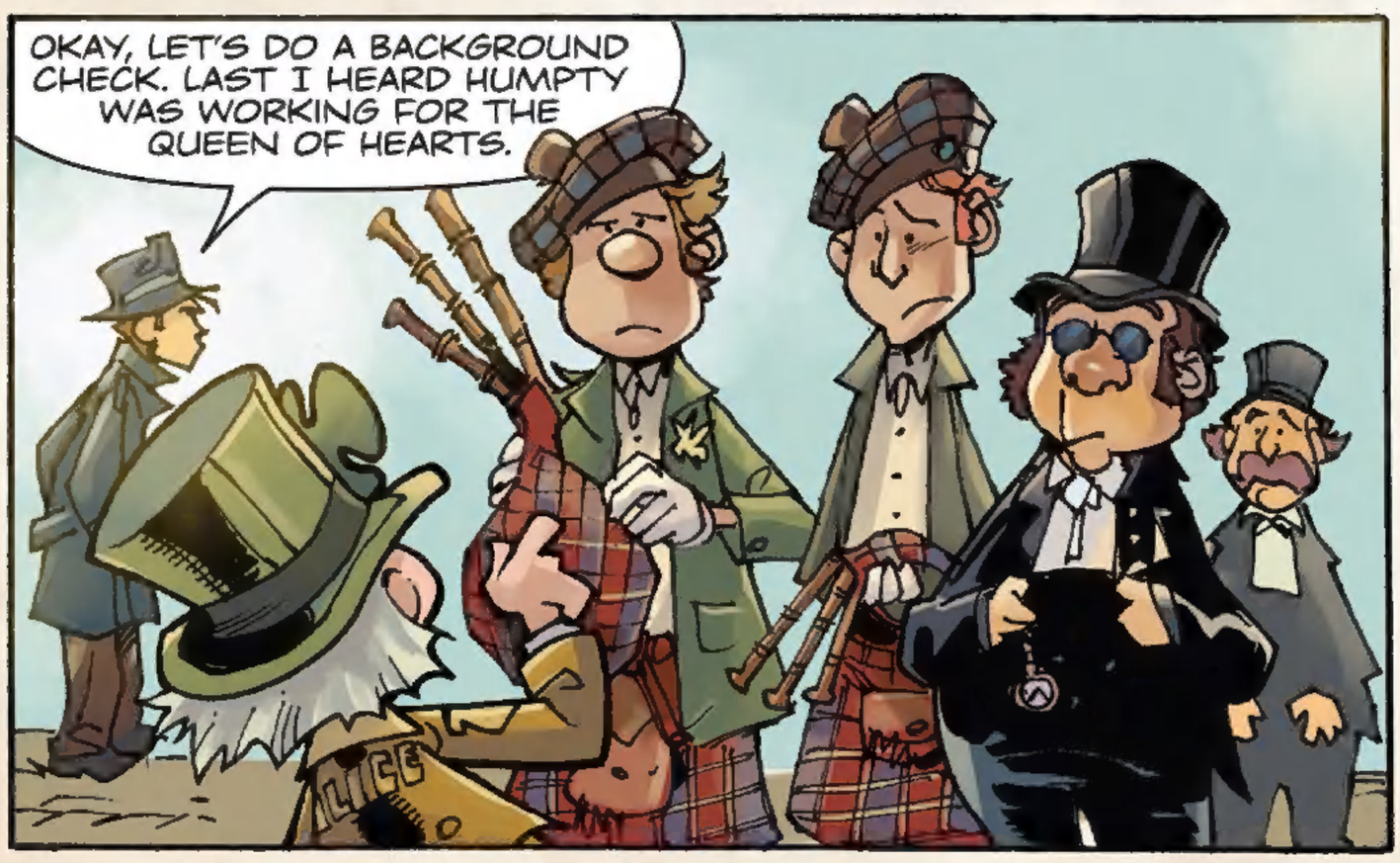
"HOPE YOU DIDN'T EAT EGGS FOR BREAKFAST THIS MORNING, DETECTIVES. IT AIN'T A PRETTY STORY."
HUMPTY DUMPTY

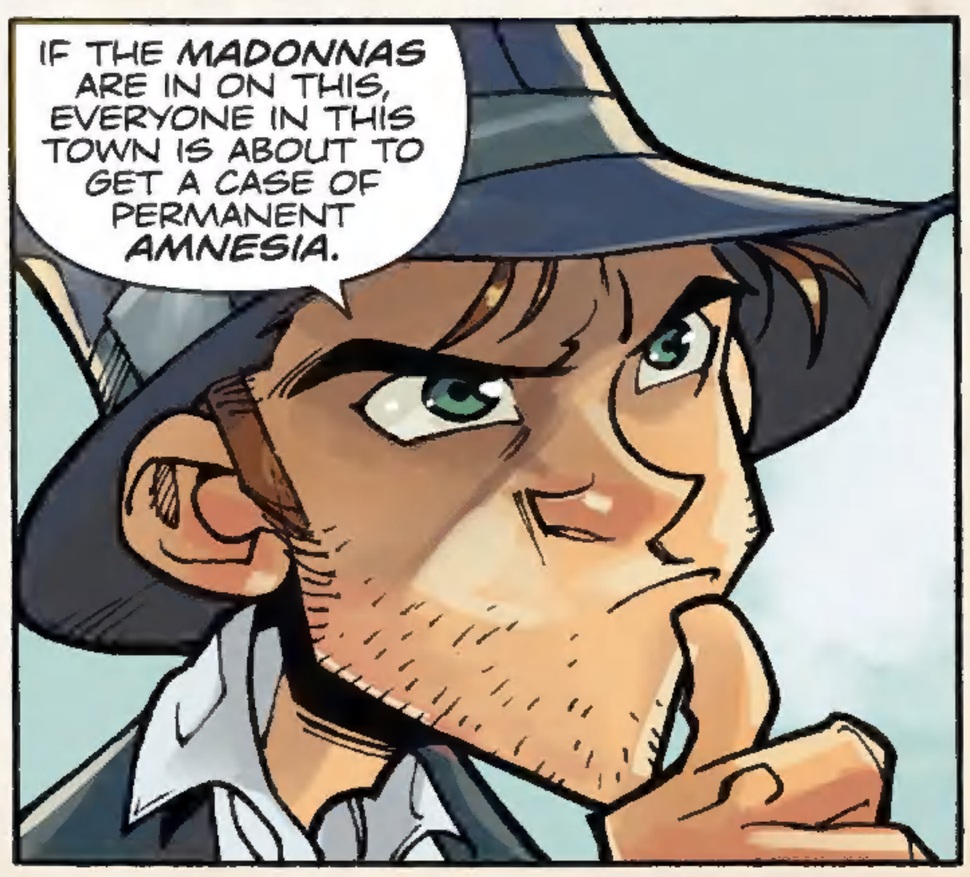
VICTIM GOES BY THE NAME OF HUMPTY DUMPTY. ONE OF OUR UNIFORMS FOUND HIM WHEN HE CAME TO CHECK OUT A MISSING PERSONS REPORT.
RIGHT, SO. HUMPTY'S WIFE SAYS HE NEVER CAME HOME FROM WORK LAST NIGHT. NOW WE KNOW WHY.
POLICE LINE - DO NOT CRO

SO A GUY WHO KNOWS HIS WAY AROUND EVERY WALL IN TOWN JUST SLIPPED OFF BY ACCIDENT, SIMON? AND WE'RE SUPPOSED TO FALL FOR THAT? WHAT ABOUT THE WIFE?

RIGHT. WELL, ACCORDING TO HER STATEMENT, SHE WAS INDOORS BAKING A PIE. HUMPTY WAS SITTING OUTSIDE BY HIMSELF AN' HE FALLED OFF. JUST LIKE THAT. ALL BY HIMSELF--
BY HIMSELF? I DOUBT IT. WITNESSES?


THERE WAS TEN LORDS A-LEAPIN' AND ELEVEN PIPERS OUT IN THE COURTYARD BELOW. BUT NONE OF 'EM SAW A THING, FRANKIE.
SURE THEY DIDN'T.
POLICE LINE - DO NOT CRO


OKAY, LET'S DO A BACKGROUND CHECK. LAST I HEARD HUMPTY WAS WORKING FOR THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.


IF THE MADONNAS ARE IN ON THIS, EVERYONE IN THIS TOWN IS ABOUT TO GET A CASE OF PERMANENT AMNESIA.

ONE LAST THING, DETECTIVES: IT'S A MONKEY PRINT. WE FOUND IT FRESH IN THE MUD WHEN WE GOT HERE.

WELL, THAT TEARS IT. SIMON, YOU GO ASK AROUND AND I'LL TALK TO THE VICTIM.
OKEY-DOKEY, FRANKIE. WHO'M I ASKING?

I DON'T KNOW. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A DETECTIVE--GO LOOK UNDER A ROCK, OR SOMETHING. GO CANVAS THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

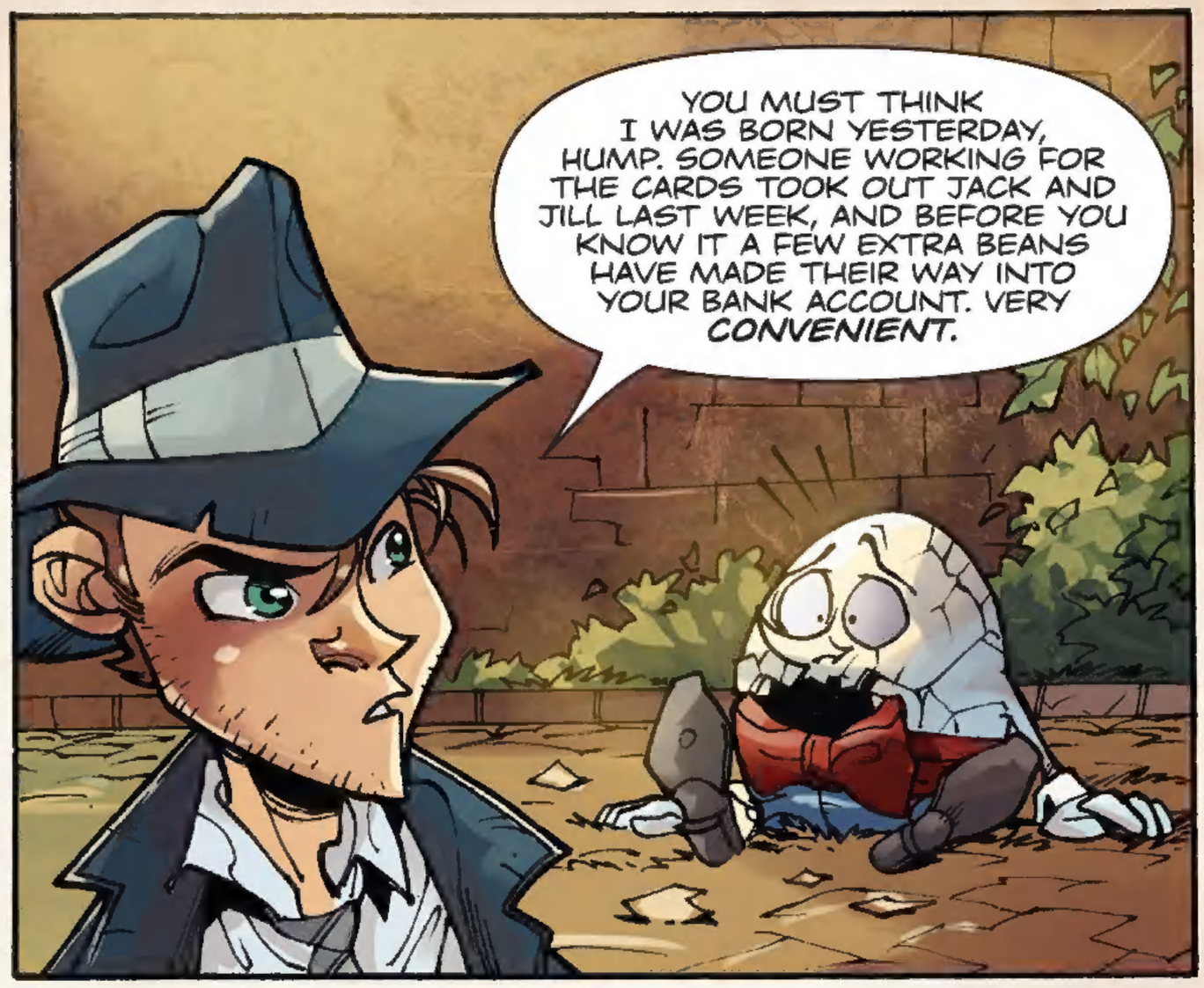
NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, THE WITCHES ARE RETALIATING AGAINST THE QUEENS. I'M PRETTY SURE THIS IS TIED TO A PUSHING INCIDENT LAST WEEK UP AT THE OLD HILL.
JACK AND JILL RAN A WATER SMUGGLING OPERATION FOR THE WITCHES. WE GOT A CALL ABOUT A DISTURBANCE BUT BY THE TIME WE GOT THERE, JILL WAS UNCONSCIOUS AND JACK WAS MISSING.

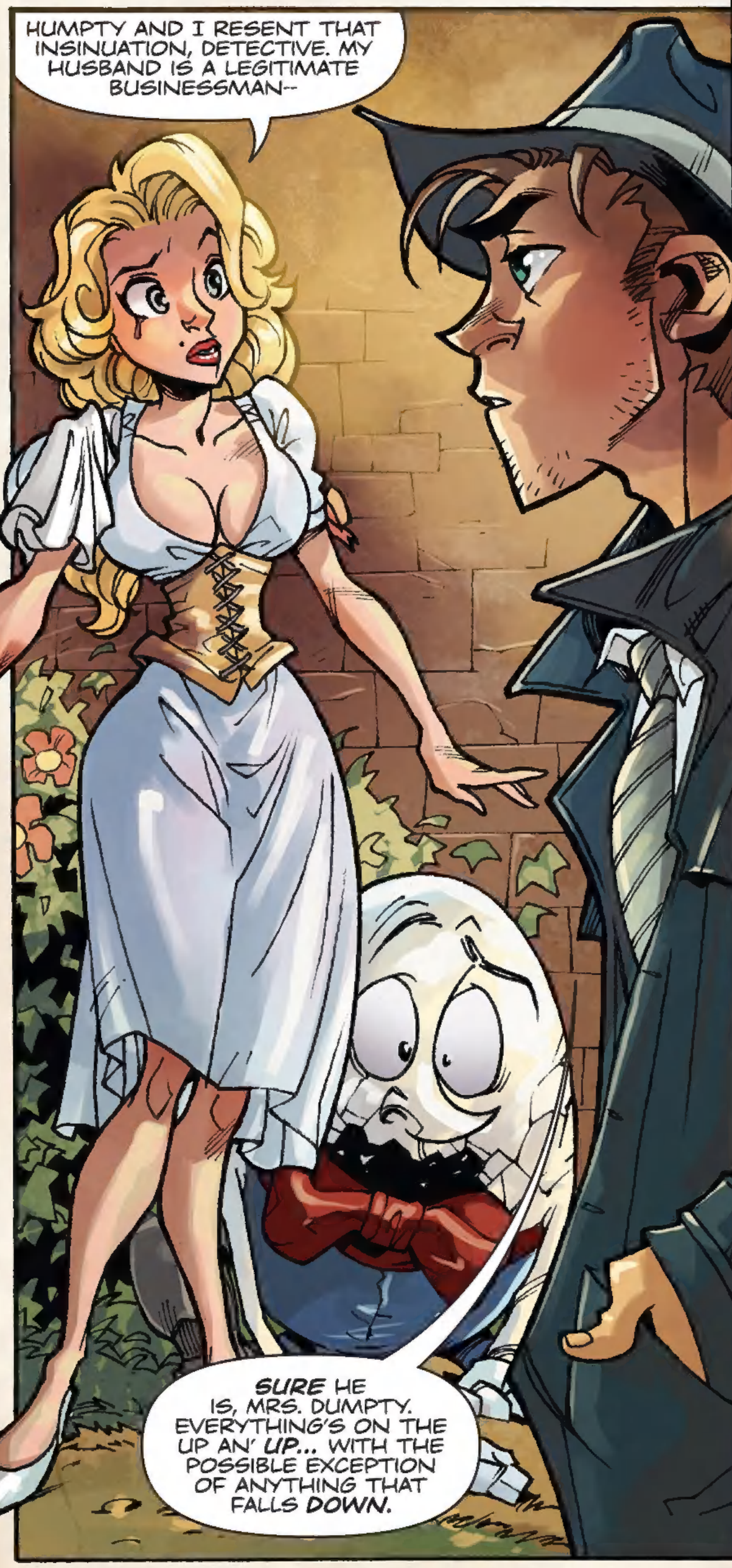
ALL WE FOUND WAS A TRAIL OF VINEGAR AND BROWN PAPER. BUT NO WITNESSES. JUST A COVEN OF VERY UNHAPPY POLAR WITCHES...

...AND ONE POLICE INVESTIGATION GOING DOWNHILL IN A HURRY.
SO LET ME GUESS, HUMP: YOU BEEN WORKIN' THESE WALLS FOR FIFTY YEARS BUT LAST NIGHT YOU JUST HAPPENED TO FALL "BY ACCIDENT--"

MFF.

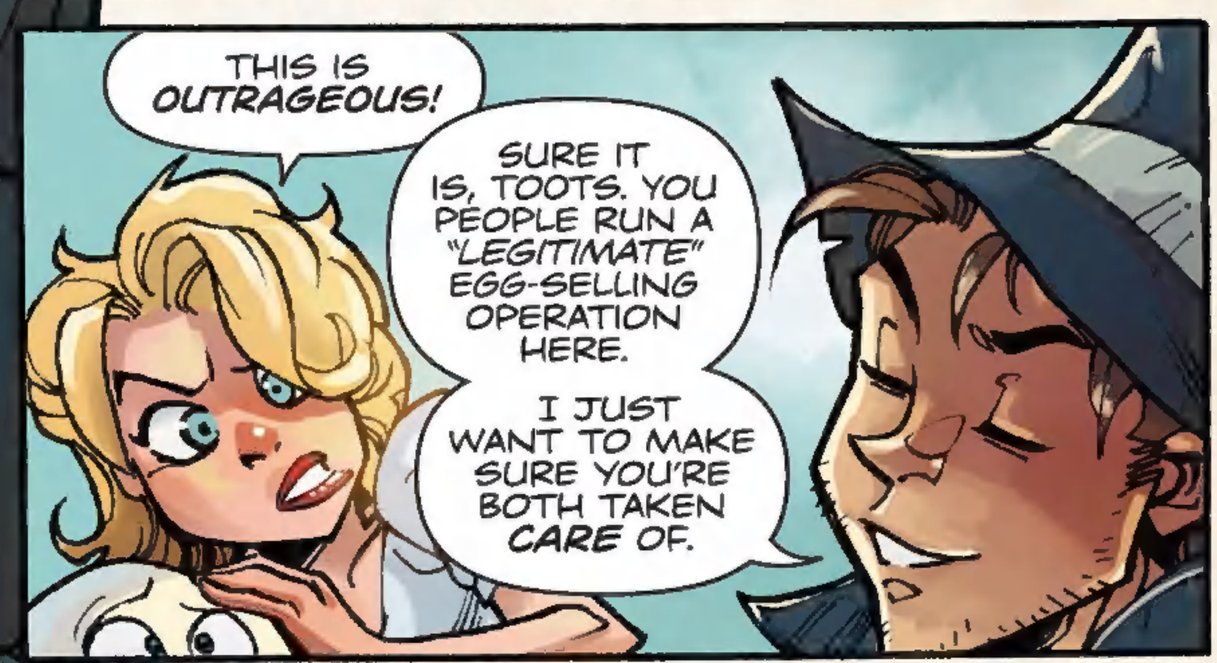
DOESN'T LOOK GOOD, DETECTIVE. MIGHT BE A WHILE BEFORE WE CAN FIX THIS GUY UP--
SURE THING, PHIL. IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO PIECE THIS THING TOGETHER.

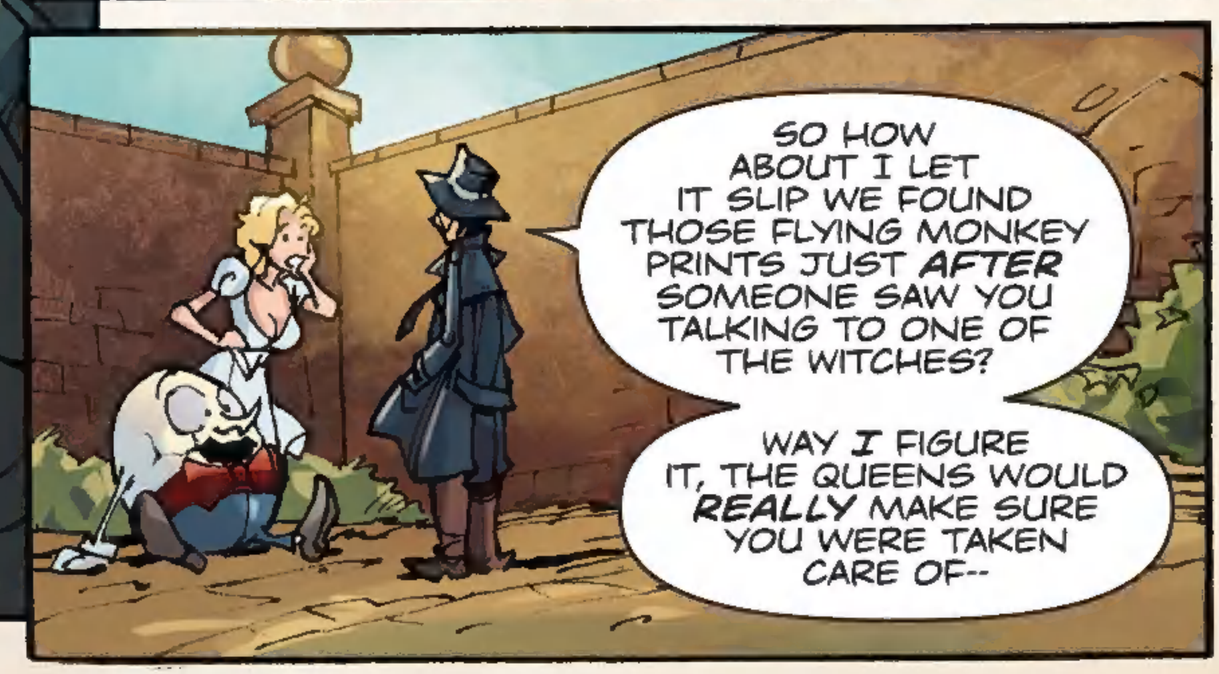

YOU MUST THINK I WAS BORN YESTERDAY, HUMP. SOMEONE WORKING FOR THE CARDS TOOK OUT JACK AND JILL LAST WEEK, AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT A FEW EXTRA BEANS HAVE MADE THEIR WAY INTO YOUR BANK ACCOUNT. VERY CONVENIENT.

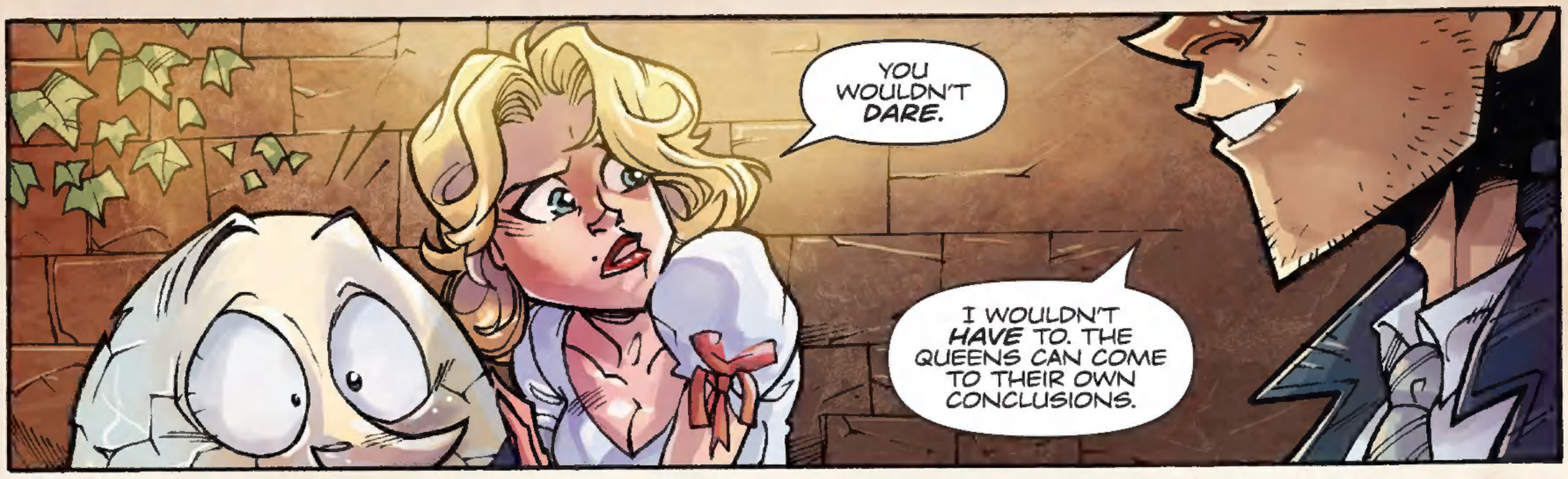

HUMPTY AND I RESENT THAT INSINUATION, DETECTIVE. MY HUSBAND IS A LEGITIMATE BUSINESSMAN--
SURE HE IS, MRS. DUMPTY. EVERYTHING'S ON THE UP AN' UP... WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF ANYTHING THAT FALLS DOWN.

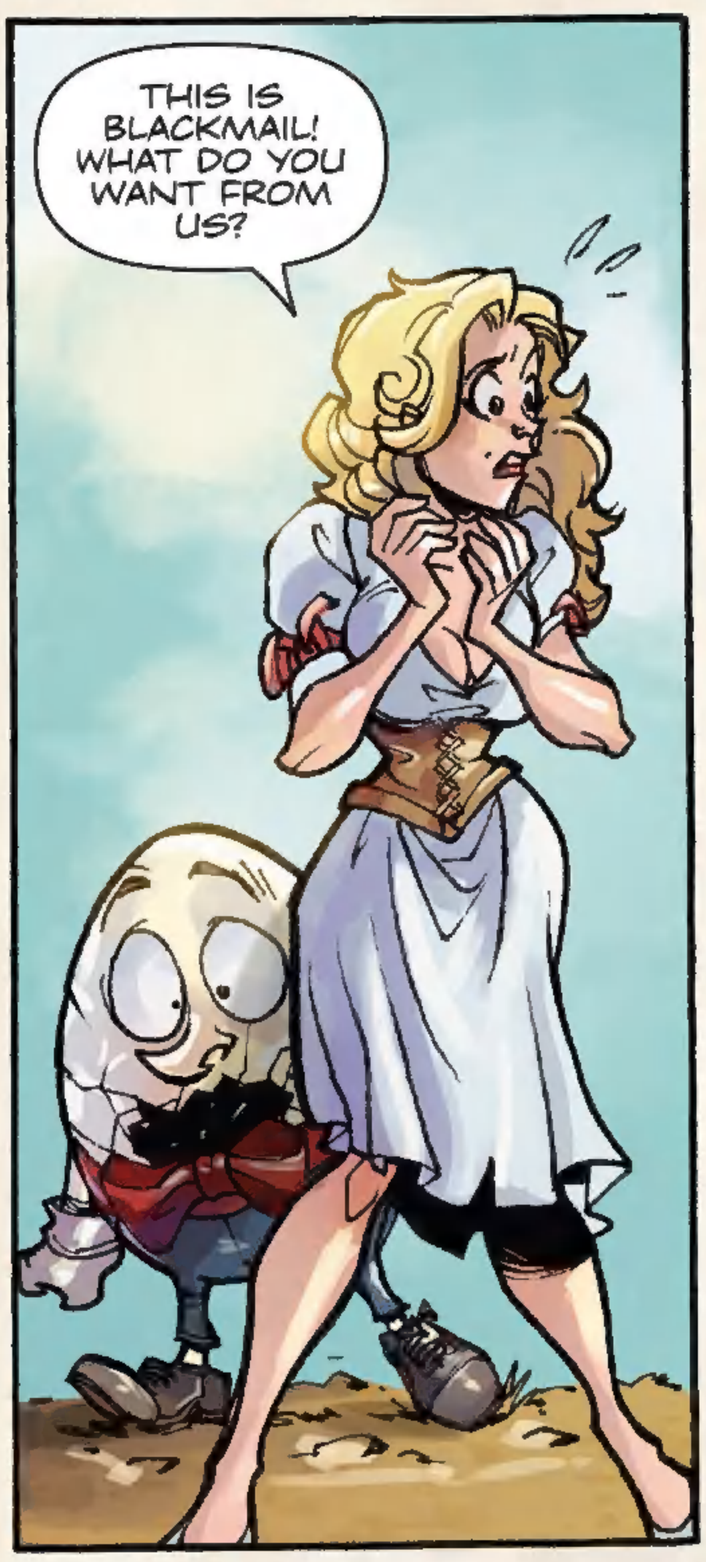
YOU BOYS WANT TO GIVE US A MINUTE HERE? POLICE BUSINESS.
SURE THING, FRANKIE. IF ANYONE ASKS, WE TOOK AN EARLY LUNCH.

NOW HERE'S WHAT I KNOW. I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING EGGS FOR THE SPADES.
MY GUESS IS THE WITCHES SINGLED YOU OUT TO SEND A MESSAGE BACK TO THE MADONNAS.

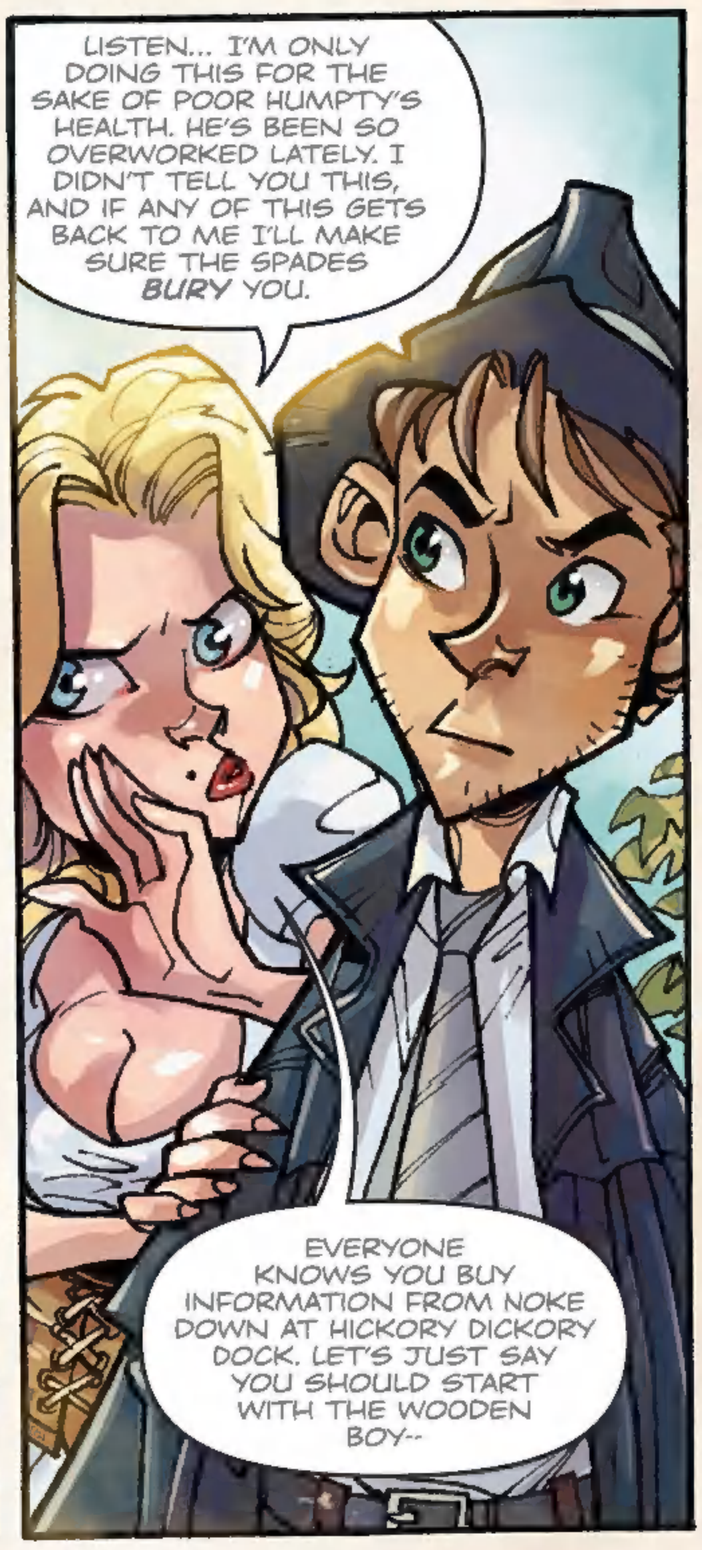

THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!
SURE IT IS, TOOTS. YOU PEOPLE RUN A "LEGITIMATE" EGG-SELLING OPERATION HERE.
I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE BOTH TAKEN CARE OF.


SO HOW ABOUT I LET IT SLIP WE FOUND THOSE FLYING MONKEY PRINTS JUST AFTER SOMEONE SAW YOU TALKING TO ONE OF THE WITCHES?
WAY I FIGURE IT, THE QUEENS WOULD REALLY MAKE SURE YOU WERE TAKEN CARE OF--


YOU WOULDN'T DARE.
I WOULDN'T HAVE TO. THE QUEENS CAN COME TO THEIR OWN CONCLUSIONS.


THIS IS BLACKMAIL! WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM US?

I WANT NAMES AND NUMBERS. THERE'S A BIGGER PLAY HERE, AN' I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS.
SOMETHING'S UP BETWEEN THE QUEENS AND THE WITCHES. I WANT TO PUT A STOP TO IT BEFORE THE WHOLE TOWN ENDS UP IN THE MIDDLE OF A TURF WAR, CAPISCE?


LISTEN... I'M ONLY DOING THIS FOR THE SAKE OF POOR HUMPTY'S HEALTH. HE'S BEEN SO OVERWORKED LATELY. I DIDN'T TELL YOU THIS, AND IF ANY OF THIS GETS BACK TO ME I'LL MAKE SURE THE SPADES BURY YOU.
EVERYONE KNOWS YOU BUY INFORMATION FROM NOKE DOWN AT HICKORY DICKORY DOCK. LET'S JUST SAY YOU SHOULD START WITH THE WOODEN BOY--

HEY, FRANKIE! I FOUND A WITNESS--
NO!
WAIT!

RIGHT, SO. SORRY 'BOUT THAT.

OKAY, SIMON, LET'S RUN THROUGH THIS ONE MORE TIME: IT'S AGAINST PROCEDURE TO RUN THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF A CRIME SCENE AND STOMP ON ALL THE EVIDENCE...

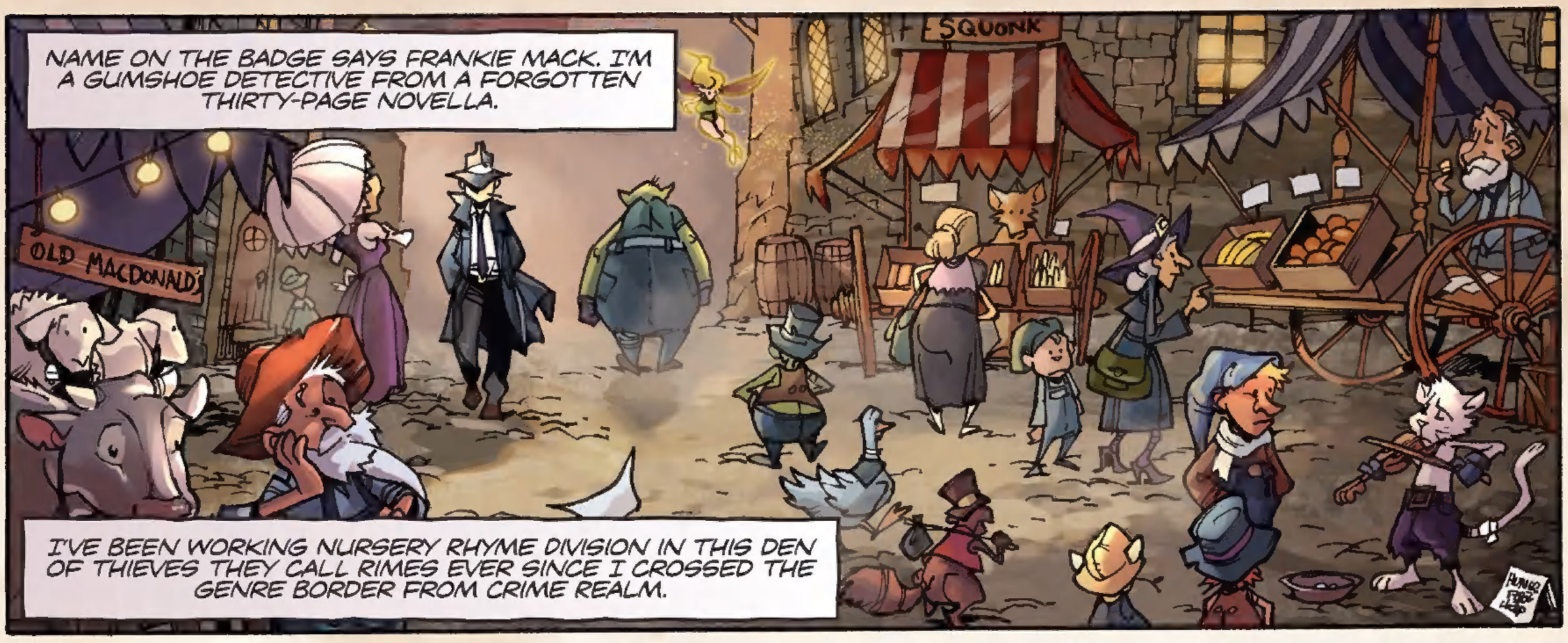
...SECONDLY, A ROCK YOU FOUND IS NOT GOING TO STAND UP AS A MATERIAL WITNESS IN COURT! AND WHEN I TELL YOU TO CANVAS THE NEIGHBORHOOD, IT DOESN'T MEAN I NEED YOU TO GO LOOKING FOR A TENT!
RIGHT. GOT IT. SORRY AGAIN.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. YOU'RE AN IDIOT.
OKAY, I GOTTA SPLIT--I GOTTA GO SEE A MAN ABOUT A DOG. NOT LITERALLY.

I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, THEN? GIVE THE DOG A PAT FOR ME!

TWILIGHT ALEHOUSE
BAH!

MEH.


NAME ON THE BADGE SAYS FRANKIE MACK. I'M A GUMSHOE DETECTIVE FROM A FORGOTTEN THIRTY-PAGE NOVELLA.
OLD MACDONALD'S
SQUONK
I'VE BEEN WORKING NURSERY RHYME DIVISION IN THIS DEN OF THIEVES THEY CALL RIMES EVER SINCE I CROSSED THE GENRE BORDER FROM CRIME REALM.

THAT'S WHERE MY STORY STARTED, AND WHERE I WISH I WAS RIGHT NOW. THERE'S NOT A DAY GOES BY I DON'T THINK ABOUT HANDING IN MY BADGE AND GOING HOME.

BUT THERE'S NO GOING BACK FOR A GUY LIKE ME.

GIVE IT UP, MYSTERY MAN! WE GOT YOU CORNERED!

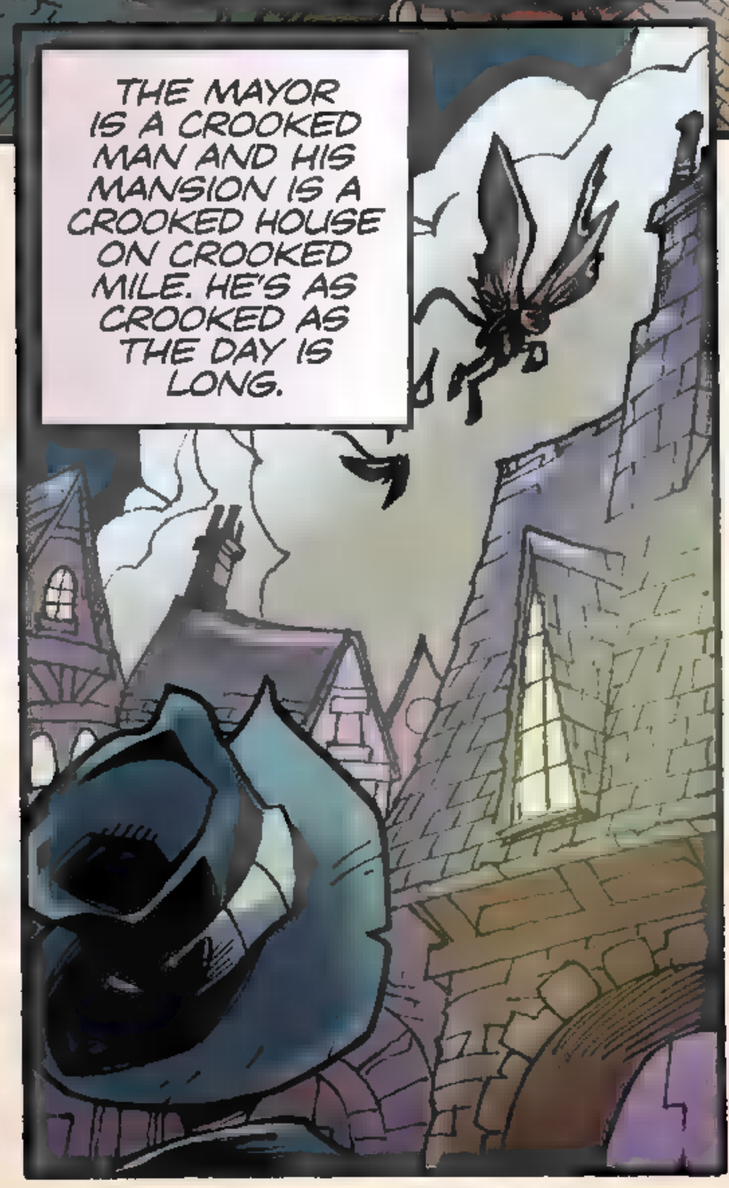
YOU JUST WENT DOWN A DEAD-END ALLEY, PAL! THERE'S NO ESCAPING NOW!

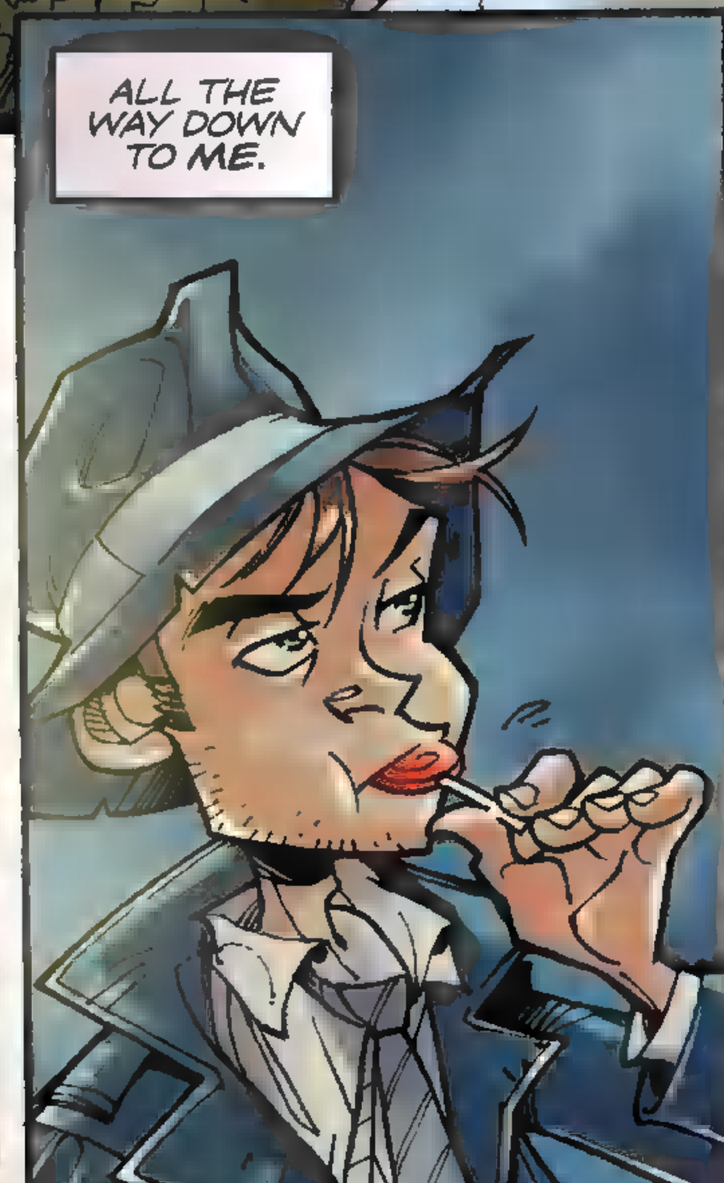
FRANKIE, YOU HAD HIM DEAD-TO-RIGHTS, AND YOU LET HIM ESCAPE--

BEANSTALK HEISTS, GOOSE ABDUCTIONS... THERE'S EVEN BEEN A SPATE OF HOME INVASIONS AND PORRIDGE THEFTS OUT IN FOREST PARK.

IT'S NO BIG SECRET THE QUEENS AND THE WITCHES ARE IN CHARGE. THE PROBLEM IS THE MADONNAS ARE ALWAYS AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS, AND EVERYONE ELSE IS JUST IN THE WAY.

ALL THE MONEY HAS A HABIT OF FLOWING UPHILL IN THEIR DIRECTION. ANYONE DUMB ENOUGH TO MAKE A STINK ABOUT IT CAN EXPECT TO FIND THEMSELVES STARING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER DOWN AT HICKORY DICKORY DOCK.





C'MON, GUYS, GIVE ME A BREAK! LEAVE THAT ALONE!
CRRASHH
ME AN' THE BOYS WAS JUST SAYIN' A GUY COULD GET IN A LOT OF TROUBLE IF HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT WHEN THE COPS WERE ASKIN' QUESTIONS, NOKE.
WE'D HATE TO SEE SOME GUY GET HIS NOSE BROKEN, OR SOMETHIN'.
Y-YOU KNOW ME. I GOT NOTHIN' TO SAY TO NO ONE, I PROMISE!
WELL, LET'S JUST HOPE IT STAYS THAT WAY, NOKE. YOU GOT A NICE WORKSHOP HERE; ALL THESE NICE, GREEN BOTTLES. WHAT IF ONE OF 'EM SHOULD ACCIDENTALLY FALL?
OOPS.
HAW!
KRSSHH
OKAY, I GET IT! YOU TELL THE MADONNAS THEY CAN COUNT ON ME--
HEY!
NOKE, WHY DON'T YOU STEP OUTSIDE FOR A MINUTE AN' LET THESE CARDS HAVE A DISCUSSION WITH SOMEONE THEIR OWN SIZE?
WELL, IF IT AIN'T FRANKIE MACK, CRACK DETECTIVE.
IT'S A PITY WE DON'T HAVE NOBODY ELSE OUR OWN SIZE, HUH, FRANKIE? EXCEPT YOU.
HEHH... YOU KNOW ME, BOYS-- I ONLY PLAY GAMES I CAN WIN. I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.
WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD FOR YOU, DETECTIVE, 'CAUSE TROUBLE'S WHAT YOU FOUND.

YOU INTERFERE WITH OUR BUSINESS, FRANKIE, WE HAFTA GO EXPLAIN THINGS TO THE QUEENS.
THE MADONNAS DON'T LIKE MISUNDERSTANDINGS. WE'D RATHER TAKE OUR CHANCES WITH A BANDERSNATCH.

RIGHT. SURE. WELL, HOW ABOUT YOU GO TELL THOSE LOVELY LADIES "HI" FROM ME?
UH. YOU KNOW... BEFORE SOMEONE ACCIDENTALLY GETS HURT.

WHOKK

SEEMS LIKE YOU AIN'T PLAYING WITH A FULL DECK, FRANKIE. SEE, WE DON'T GIVE MESSAGES TO THE QUEENS--WE SEND MESSAGES FROM THE QUEENS.

KRAK

CONSIDER THAT A MESSAGE FROM THE MADONNAS. WE'LL BE SURE TO GIVE 'EM YOUR REGARDS.

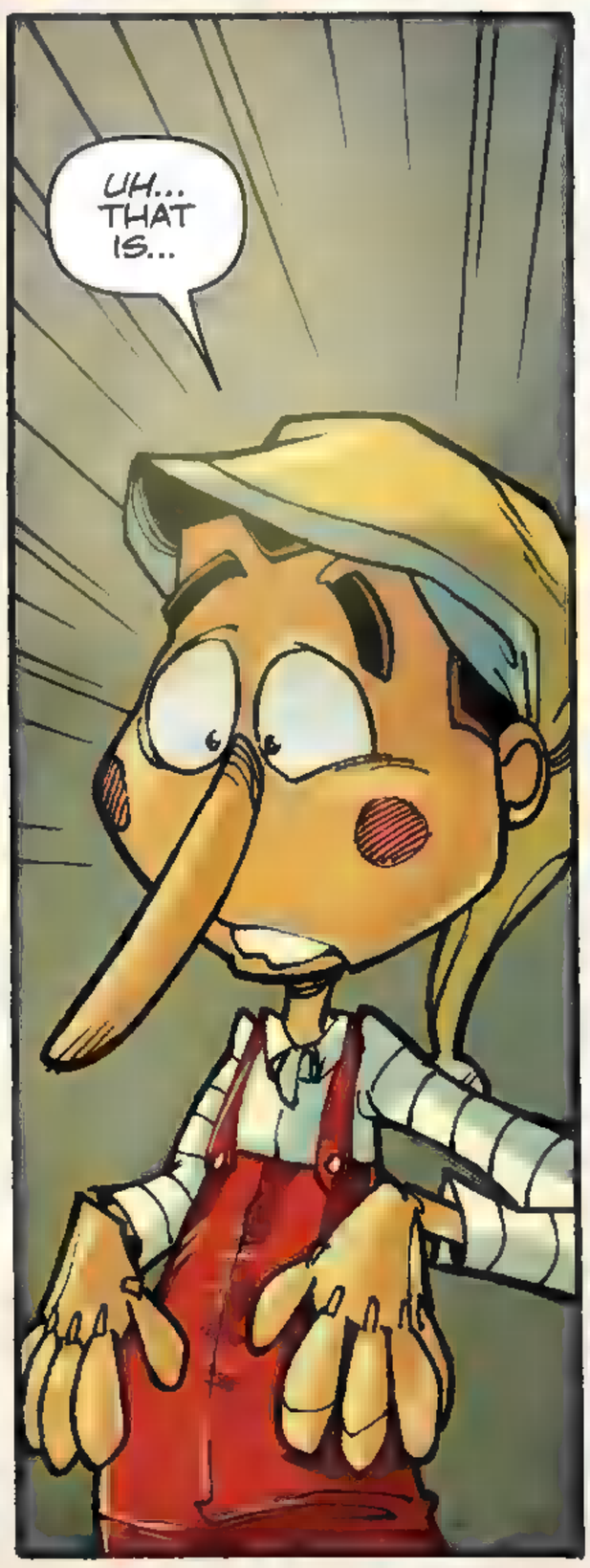
ha
ha
ha
ha

IT'S OKAY, NOKE--YOU CAN COME OUT NOW. YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE CARDS NO MORE. NOW YOU JUST GOTTA WORRY ABOUT ME.

UH, WHAT CAN I DO YOU FOR, DETECTIVE MACK?
IT'S JUST A SOCIAL CALL, NOKE. WORD ON THE STREET IS THE QUEENS AND THE WITCHES HAVE A PROBLEM BETWEEN THEM. YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT, WOULD YOU?

AW C'MON, FRANKIE. YOU KNOW I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT STUFF! THE MADONNAS WOULD CHOP ME UP AN' USE ME FOR FIREWOOD.
YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU, NOKE? YOU GOT A NOSE FOR TROUBLE.
SO THE QUEENS AND THE WITCHES: IS THERE TROUBLE BREWING?

NAH. NOPE. ABSOLUTELY NOT.


UH... THAT IS...

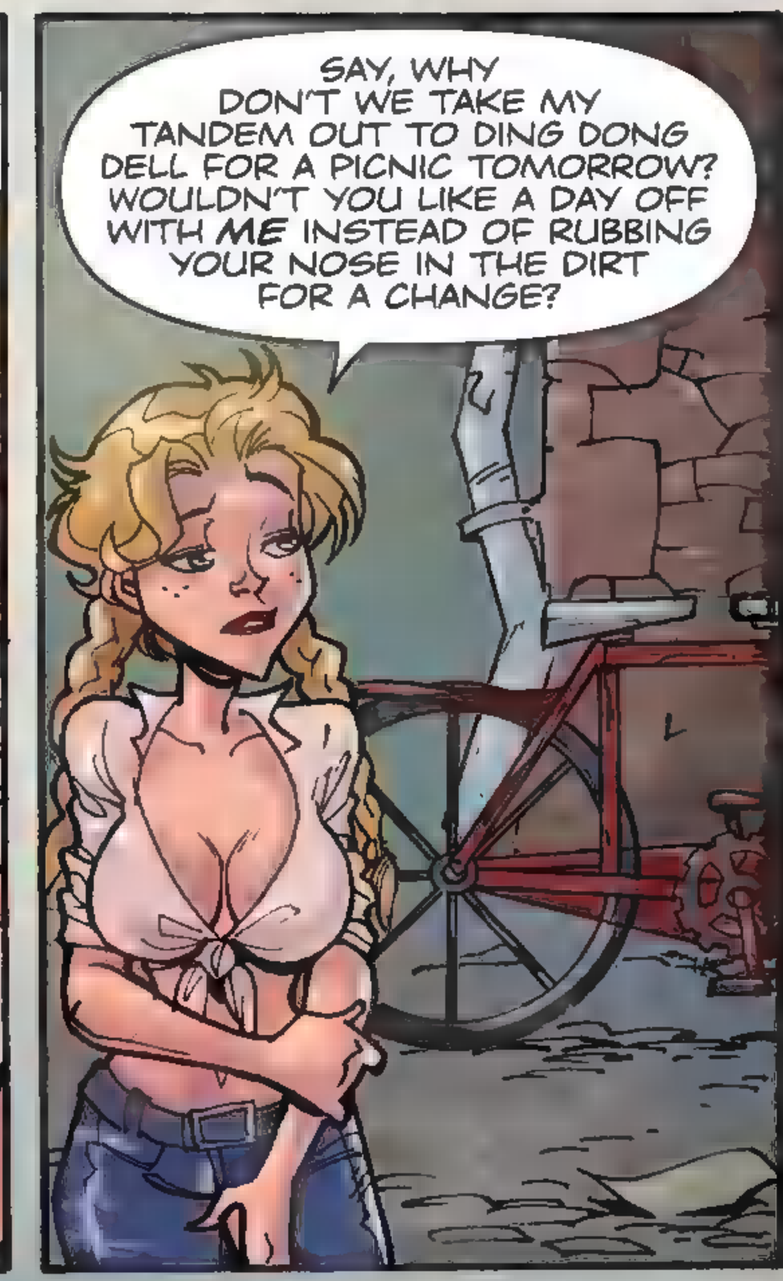
THANKS FOR THE TIP.

BAR
PUB
WELL, THAT WAS UNDERWHELMING. I GOTTA FIND ME A DRINK AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...

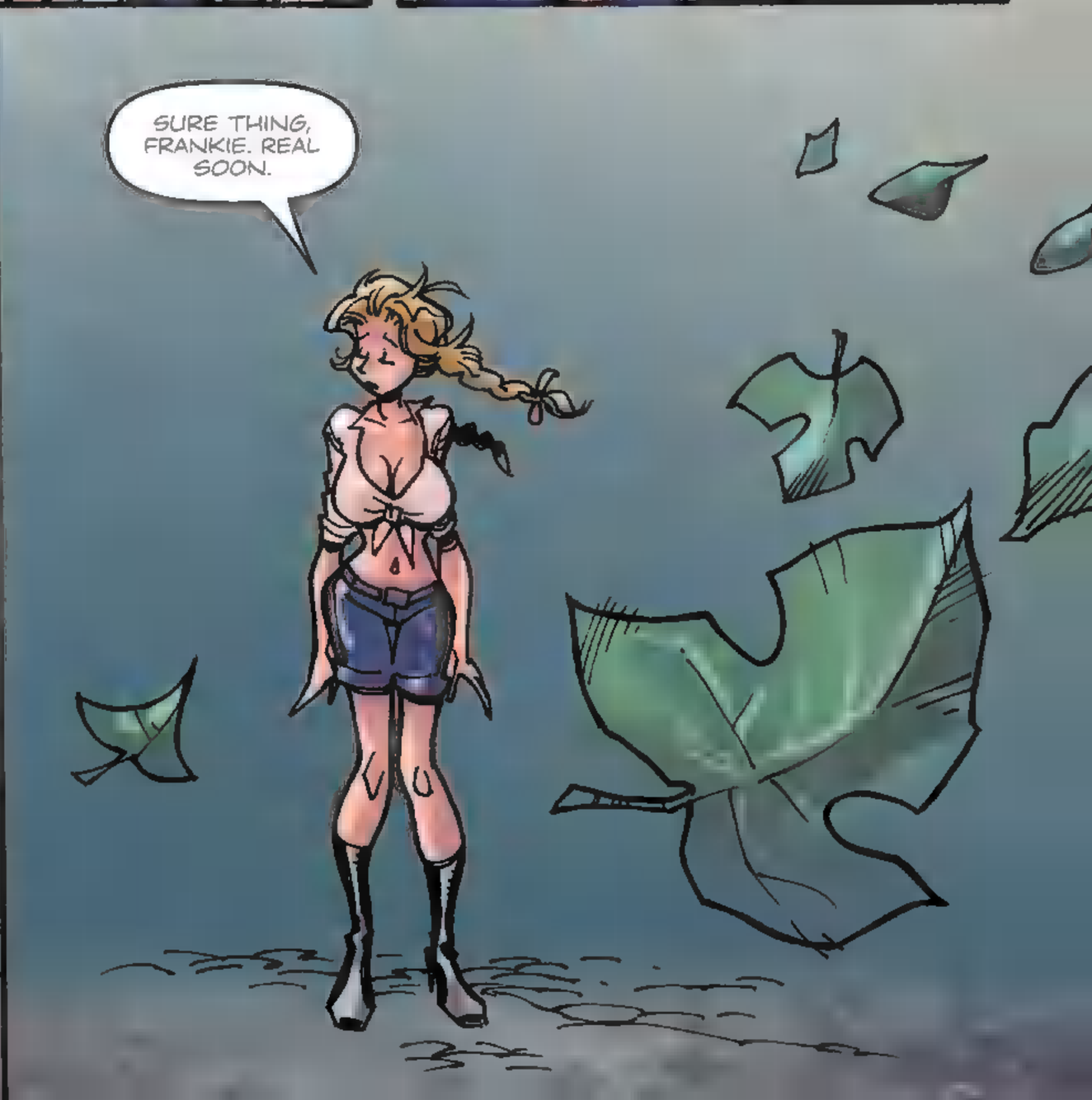
YOO HOO! FRANKIE! YOU GOT A LITTLE TIME IN YOUR DAY FOR YOUR BEST GIRL?
he Giant Hogweed

TCH. WHAT HAPPENED THIS TIME--?
IT'S NOTHING, DAISY. I RAN INTO A BAD HAND, THAT'S ALL.

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, FRANKIE MACK. BUT YOU NEVER DID KNOW WHEN NOT TO STICK YOUR NOSE IN OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS. ONE OF THESE DAYS, IT'S GONNA HURT YOU REAL BAD.


SAY, WHY DON'T WE TAKE MY TANDEM OUT TO DING DONG DELL FOR A PICNIC TOMORROW? WOULDN'T YOU LIKE A DAY OFF WITH ME INSTEAD OF RUBBING YOUR NOSE IN THE DIRT FOR A CHANGE?

I'LL TAKE A BREAK WHEN THE MADONNAS DO, DAISY. SOME OTHER TIME, OKAY? REAL SOON, I PROMISE.


SURE THING, FRANKIE. REAL SOON.

"PLEASE STATE YOUR FULL NAME AS IT APPEARS ON YOUR CARRIAGE DRIVER'S LICENSE?"

"BINGO."

"UH-HUH. HOW D'YOU SPELL IT?"

"BINGO. B-I-N-G-O. BINGO IS MY NAME."

OKAY, TAKE A NUMBER AND HAVE A SEAT OUT IN THE LOBBY. WAIT TIME'S APPROXIMATELY SIX HOURS. ONE OF OUR OFFICERS WILL GET TO YOU AS SOON AS WE CAN--

SIX ***HOURS?*** WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH MYSELF TILL THEN?

YO! KNICK-KNACK! PADDYWHACK! CAN YOU GIVE THE DOG A ***BONE?***

YO!

...I ***TOLD*** YOU, DETECTIVES! I WAS SITTIN' ON A TUFFETT EATING SOME CURDS AN' WHEY WHEN ***THIS*** GUY COMES ALONG AN' GETS ALL IN MY FACE--

YOU CAN'T PROVE ***NOTHIN'!*** I KNOW MY RIGHTS!

...AND YOU SAY YOU'RE A FARMER, MISTER McDONALD?

AYUH. THAT'S RIGHT.

CAPT. T. THUMB.

AND WHAT DO YOU ***KEEP*** ON THIS FARM?

WELL...

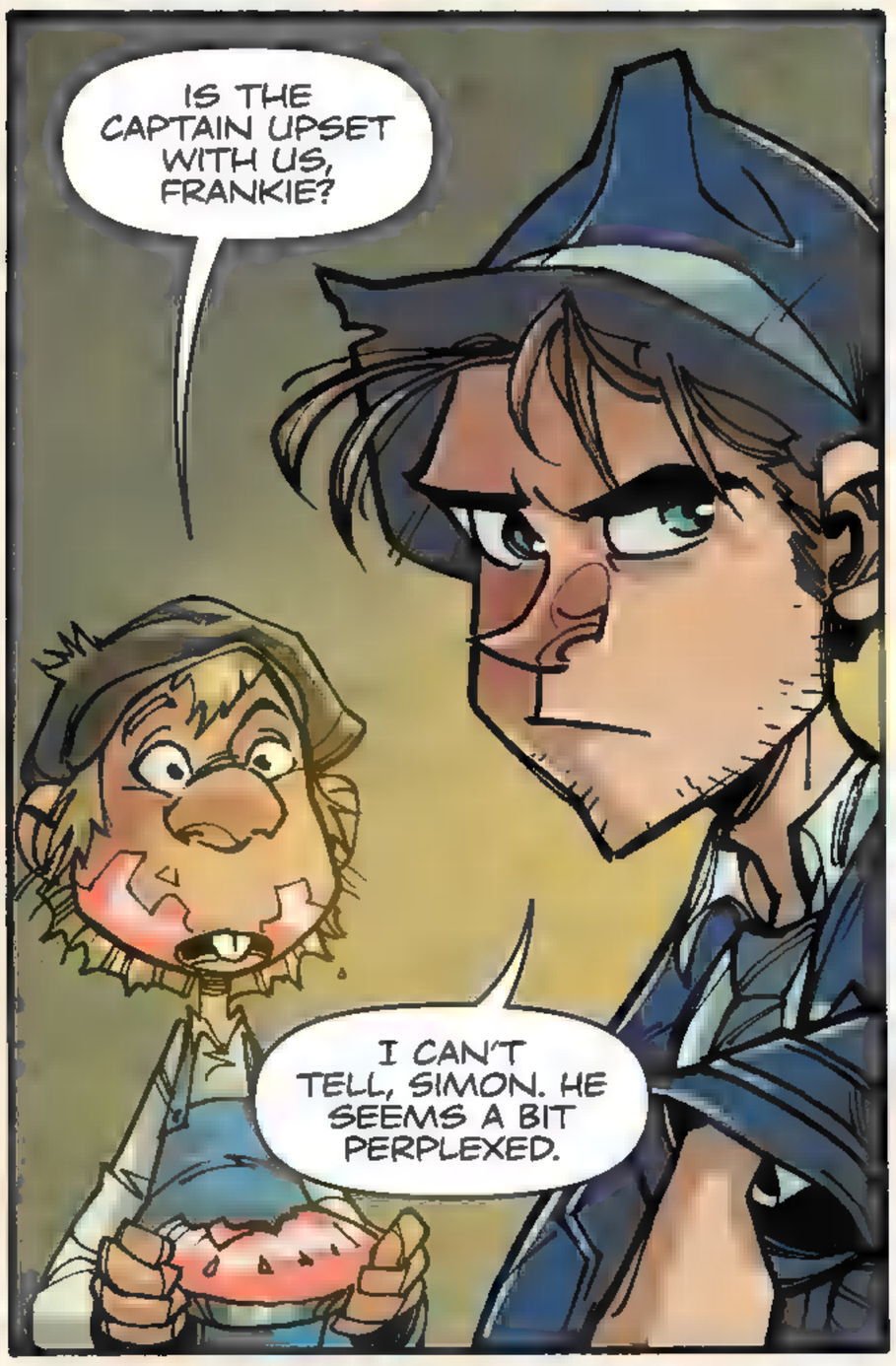
CAPT. T. THUMB

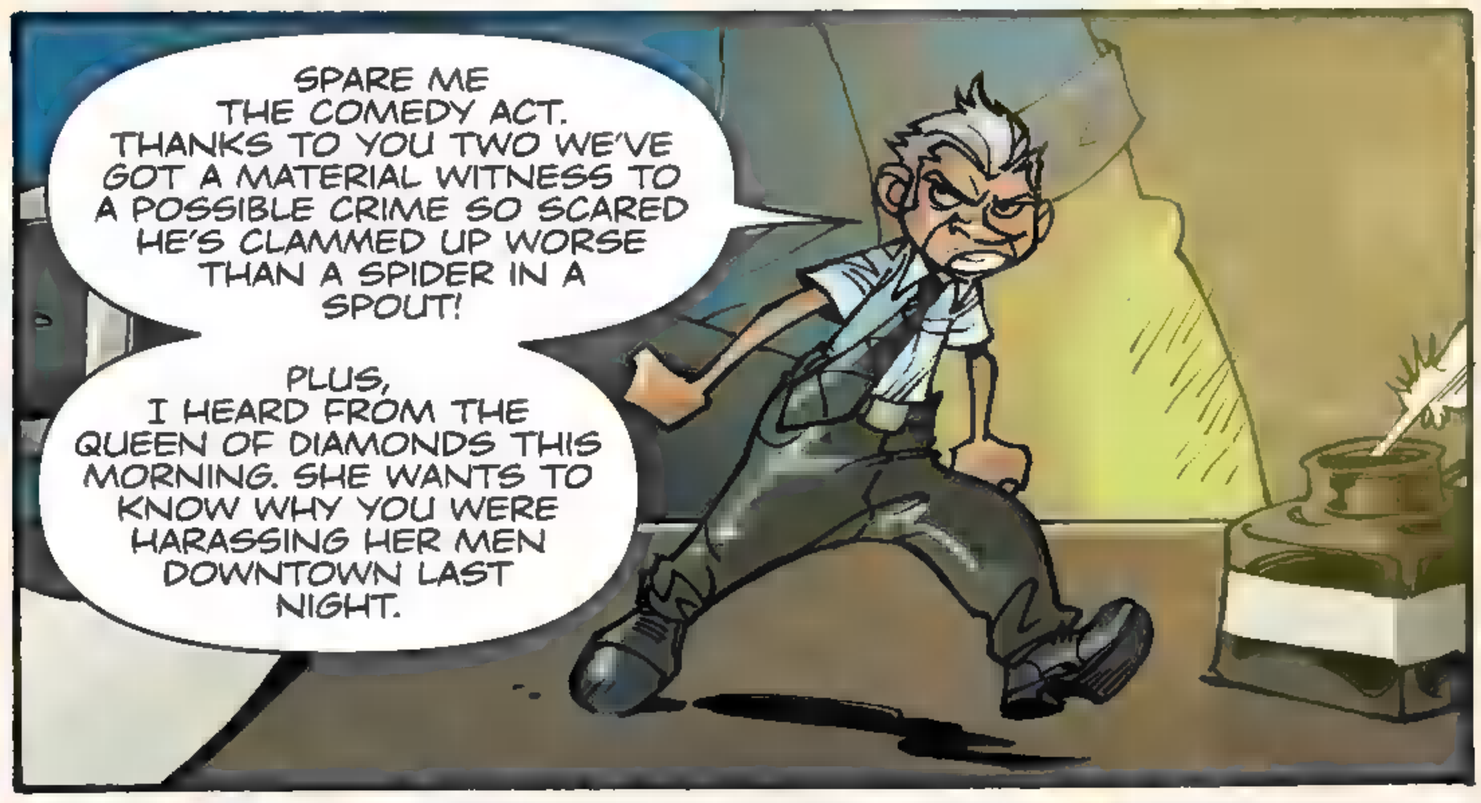
MA-ACK!

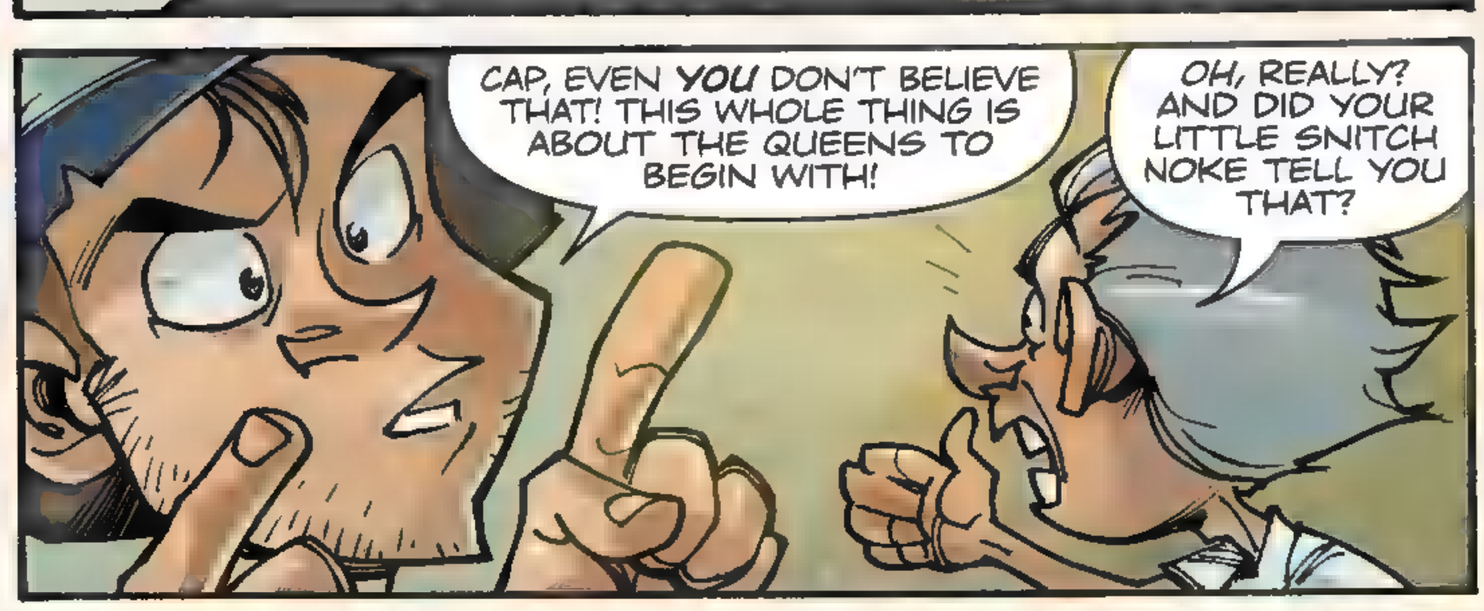
SO YOU HARASSED AN UPSTANDING CITIZEN OF RIMES--A FRIEND OF THE MAYOR'S, NO LESS--AND YOUR IDIOT PARTNER DESTROYED HALF THE EVIDENCE AT A CRIME SCENE?
I'VE HAD THE MAYOR READ ME THE RIOT ACT TWICE THIS MORNING BECAUSE OF YOU! AND BELIEVE ME, THAT WAS NOT A CROOKED SMILE ON HIS FACE!

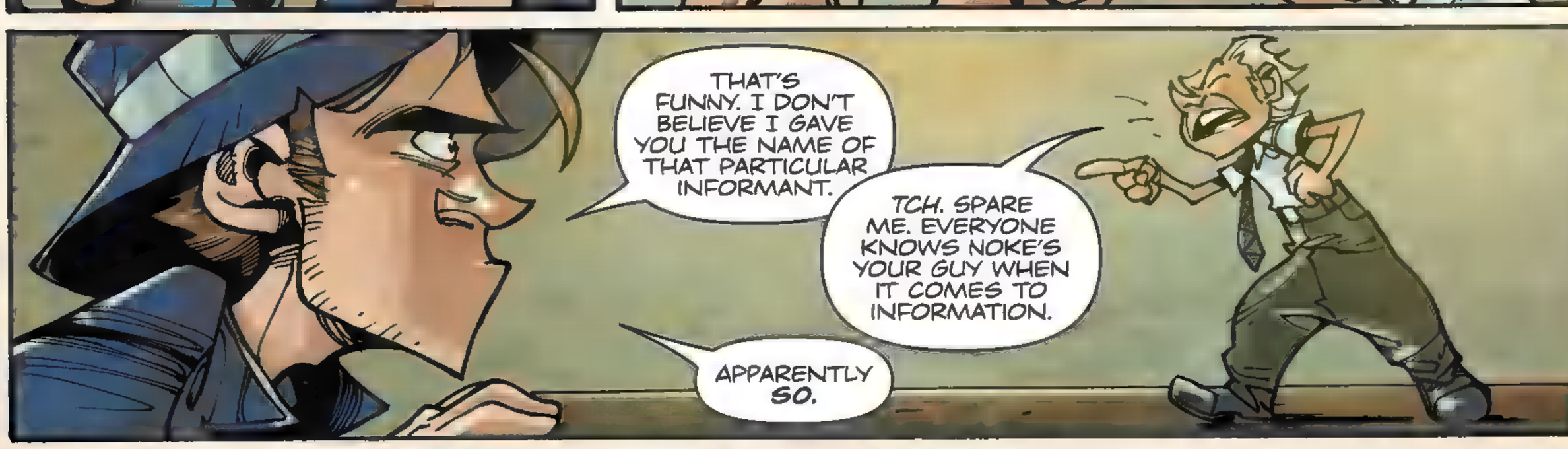
YOU KNOW HOW IT IS, CAP: ME AN' SIMON WERE PUSHING A FEW BUTTONS TO SEE IF WE COULD GET HUMPTY TO CRACK.
IT AIN'T SIMON'S FAULT HE'S STUPID. HE HAS A HARD TIME GETTING OUT OF CHARACTER--

YEAH? WELL, HE'S GONNA HAVE A HARDER TIME GETTING OUT OF THE CAVE I THROW HIM INTO IF THIS HAPPENS AGAIN! YOU TWO ARE A MENACE TO SOCIETY!


IS THE CAPTAIN UPSET WITH US, FRANKIE?
I CAN'T TELL, SIMON. HE SEEMS A BIT PERPLEXED.

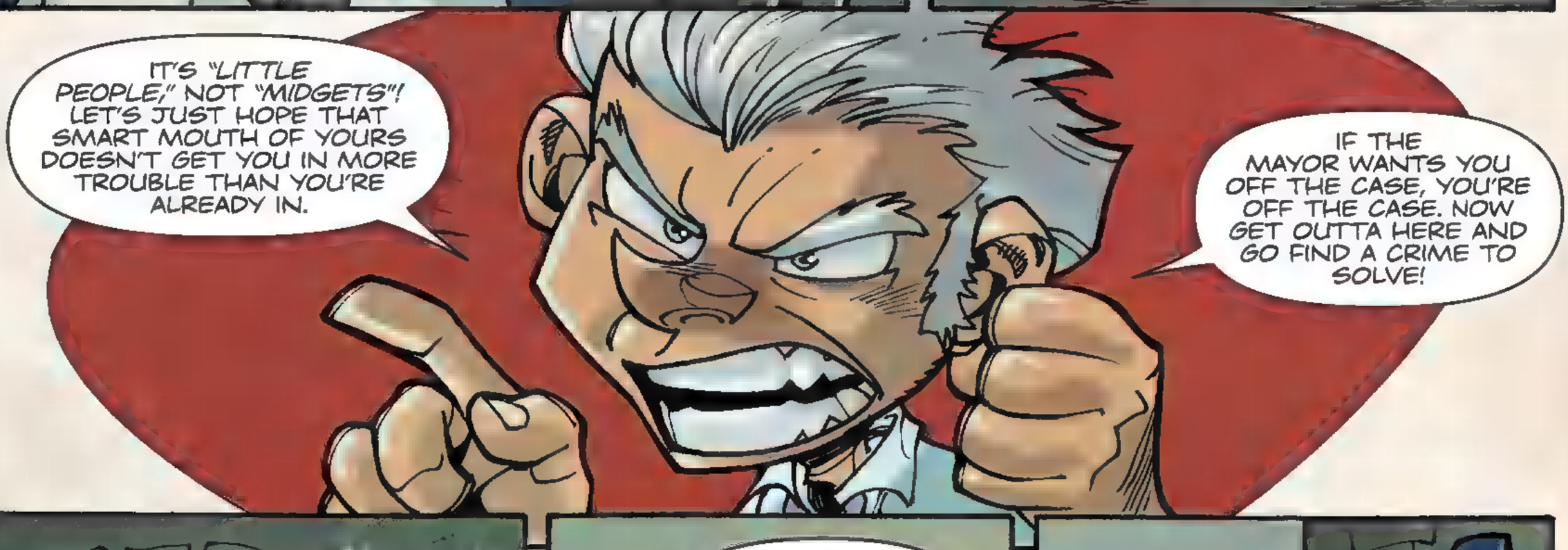

SPARE ME THE COMEDY ACT. THANKS TO YOU TWO WE'VE GOT A MATERIAL WITNESS TO A POSSIBLE CRIME SO SCARED HE'S CLAMMED UP WORSE THAN A SPIDER IN A SPOUT!
PLUS, I HEARD FROM THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS THIS MORNING. SHE WANTS TO KNOW WHY YOU WERE HARASSING HER MEN DOWNTOWN LAST NIGHT.


CAP, EVEN YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT! THIS WHOLE THING IS ABOUT THE QUEENS TO BEGIN WITH!
OH, REALLY? AND DID YOUR LITTLE SNITCH NOKE TELL YOU THAT?


THAT'S FUNNY. I DON'T BELIEVE I GAVE YOU THE NAME OF THAT PARTICULAR INFORMANT.
TCH. SPARE ME. EVERYONE KNOWS NOKE'S YOUR GUY WHEN IT COMES TO INFORMATION.
APPARENTLY SO.

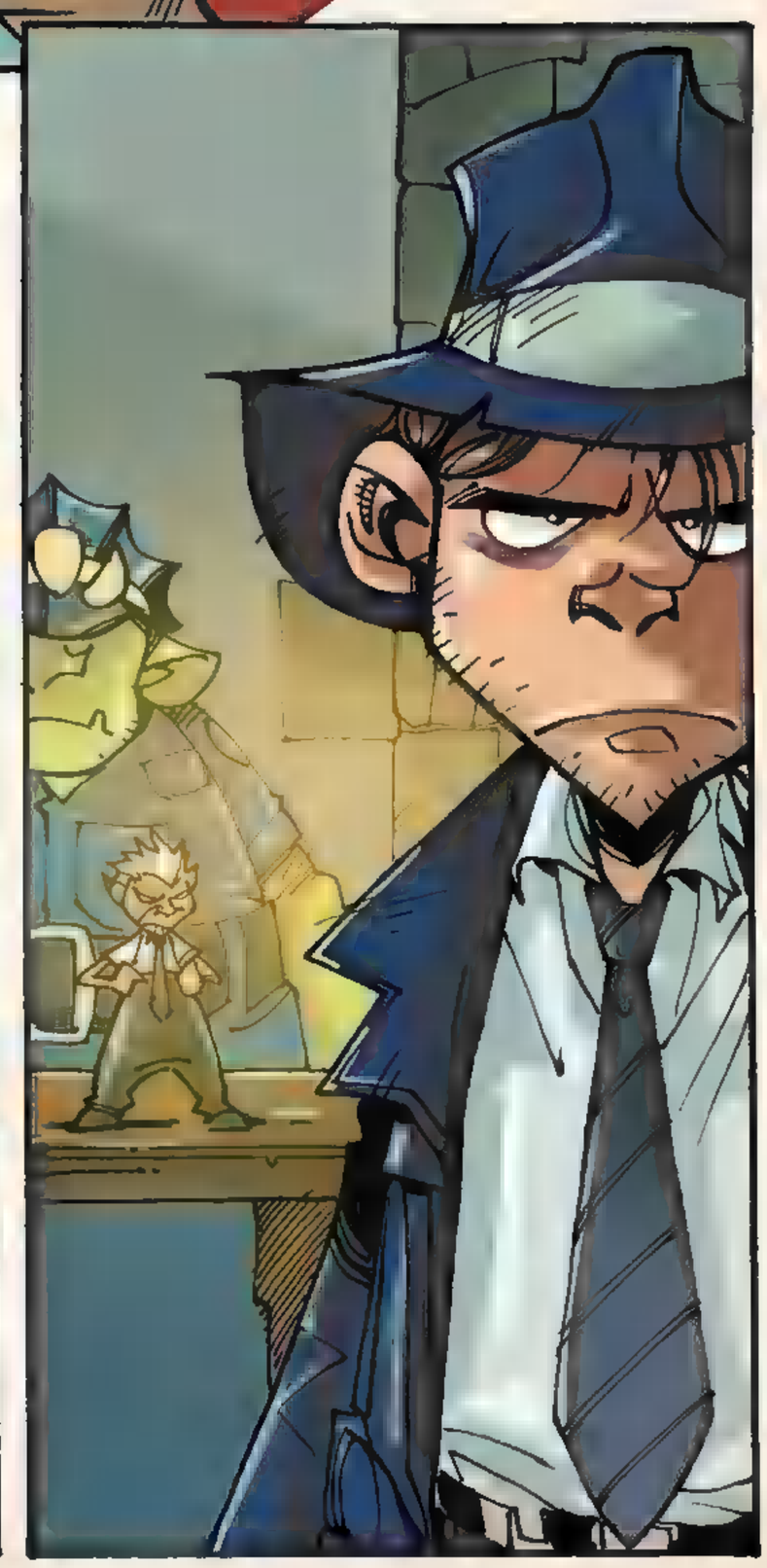
THE MAYOR WANTS TO GET ONE THING STRAIGHT, MACK. HE WANTS YOU TO GIVE UP THIS LINE OF QUESTIONING.
WHAT, THE CROOKED MAN WANTS TO GET SOMETHING STRAIGHT?
DON'T YOU GET CLEVER WITH ME, STUPID!
I'M TRYIN' MY BEST, CAP.

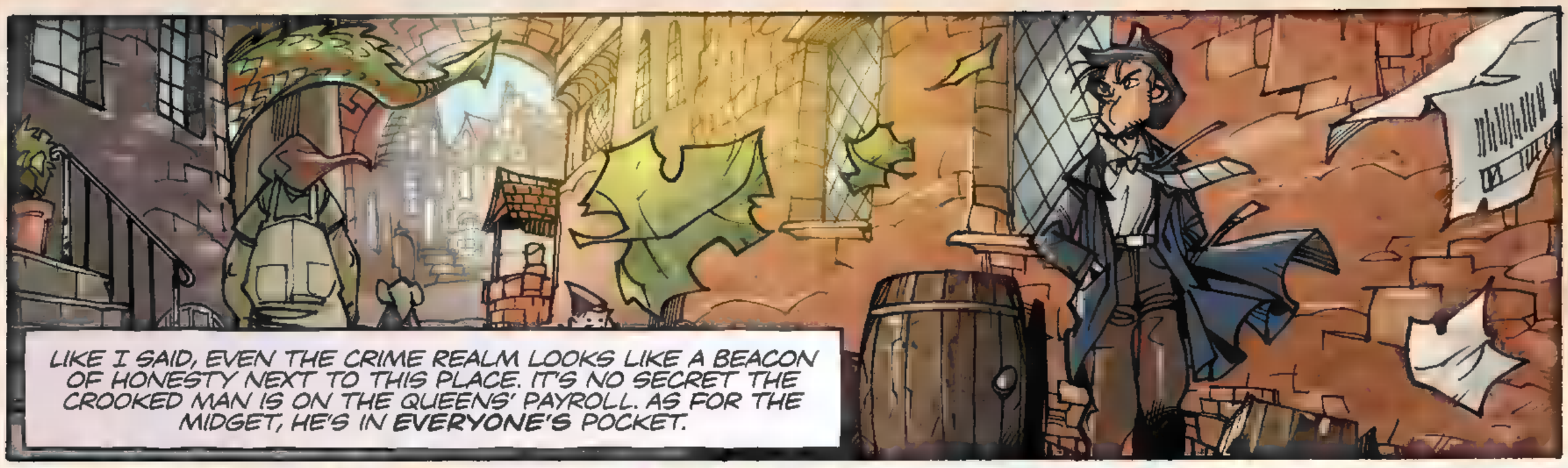
THIS THING WITH HUMPTY WAS AN ACCIDENT. IT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE QUEENS OR THE WITCHES--
HEY, IF THE MAYOR'S SUCH AN ACE DETECTIVE HOW ABOUT ME AN' HIM SWAP PLACES? I COULD USE A BREAK FROM BEING SHOUTED AT BY MIDGETS.


IT'S "LITTLE PEOPLE," NOT "MIDGETS"! LET'S JUST HOPE THAT SMART MOUTH OF YOURS DOESN'T GET YOU IN MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU'RE ALREADY IN.
IF THE MAYOR WANTS YOU OFF THE CASE, YOU'RE OFF THE CASE. NOW GET OUTTA HERE AND GO FIND A CRIME TO SOLVE!

I'LL CALL YOU LATER, SIMON. IF YOU'RE IRONING YOUR SHIRT AGAIN, DON'T PICK UP THE PHONE.
OKEY-DOKEY.

AND JUST SO YOU KNOW, HUMPTY'S MEDICAL COSTS ARE COMING OUT OF YOUR PAY!

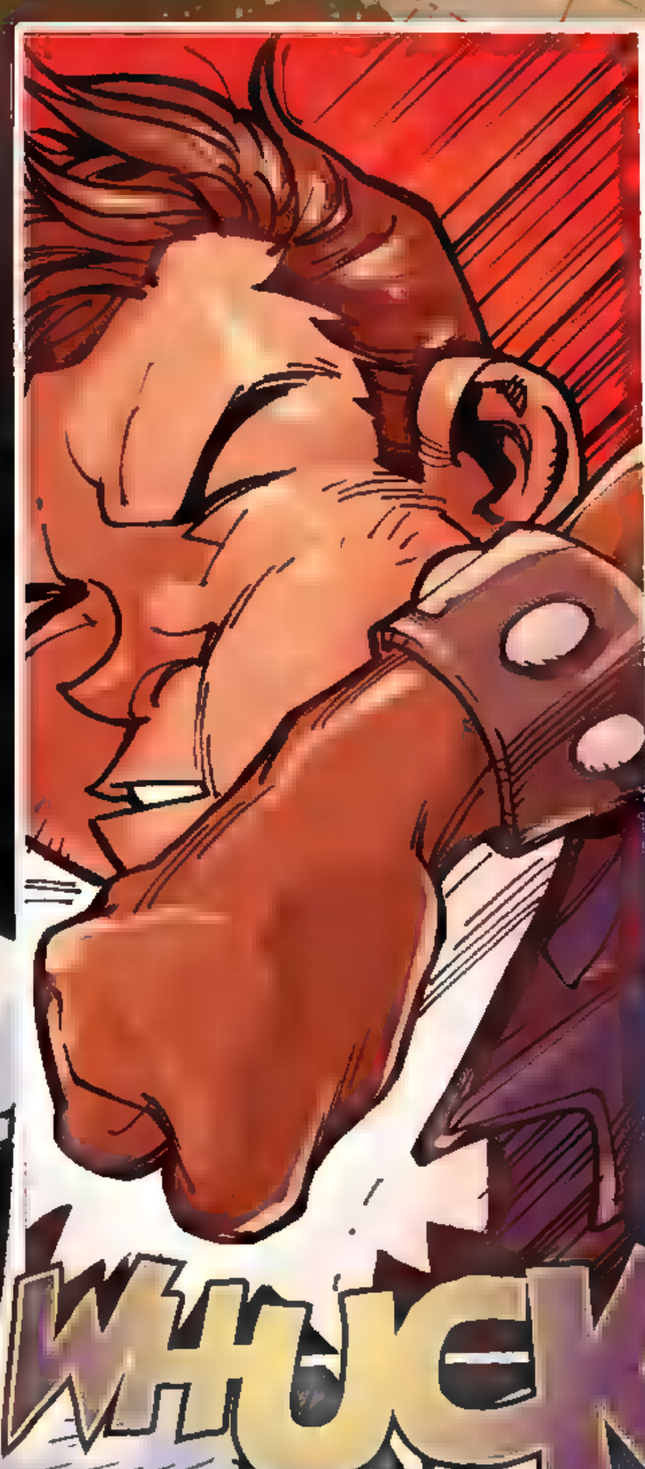



LIKE I SAID, EVEN THE CRIME REALM LOOKS LIKE A BEACON OF HONESTY NEXT TO THIS PLACE. IT'S NO SECRET THE CROOKED MAN IS ON THE QUEENS' PAYROLL. AS FOR THE MIDGET, HE'S IN EVERYONE'S POCKET.

THE BAD NEWS IS THEY WANT ME TO LOOK THE OTHER WAY. THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT MEANS I'M ONTO SOMETHING.

AAAH!
HEY--!

UHFF!

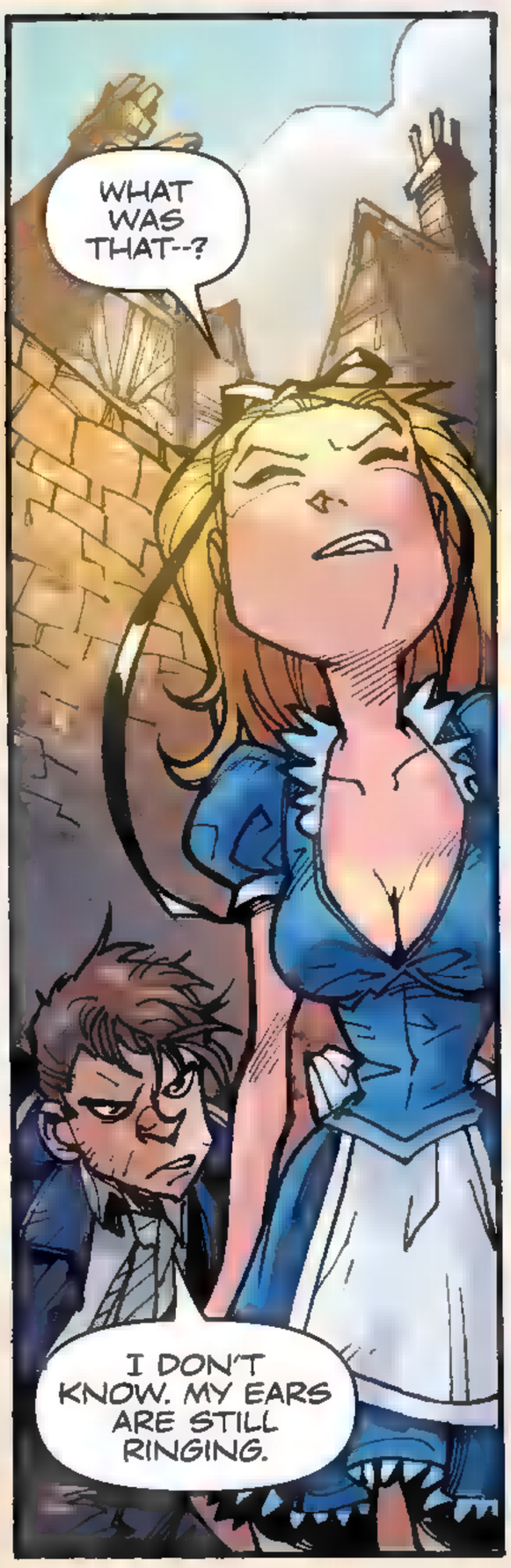

WHUCK

WELL, WELL: FRANKIE MACK. I HEARD YOU'VE BEEN ASKING QUESTIONS, FRANKIE.

HELLO, ALICE. NICE TO SEE YOUR PRETTY FACE AGAIN. TO WHAT DO I OWE THE PLEASURE?
PLEASURE'S ALL MINE, FRANKIE. YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.
A MOCK TURTLE BLINDSIDED ME.
HUH. IMAGINE THAT.

I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, FRANKIE: YOU HAVE A REAL TALENT FOR UPSETTING THE WRONG PEOPLE. I GOT A COUPLE OF MADONNAS WANTED TO SEND THEIR REGARDS.
TOLD ME THEY'D JUST AS SOON SEE YOUR HEAD IN A BOX. I TOLD THEM IT'D BE A SHAME TO WASTE SUCH A HANDSOME FACE.

BOOM!


WHAT WAS THAT--?
I DON'T KNOW. MY EARS ARE STILL RINGING.

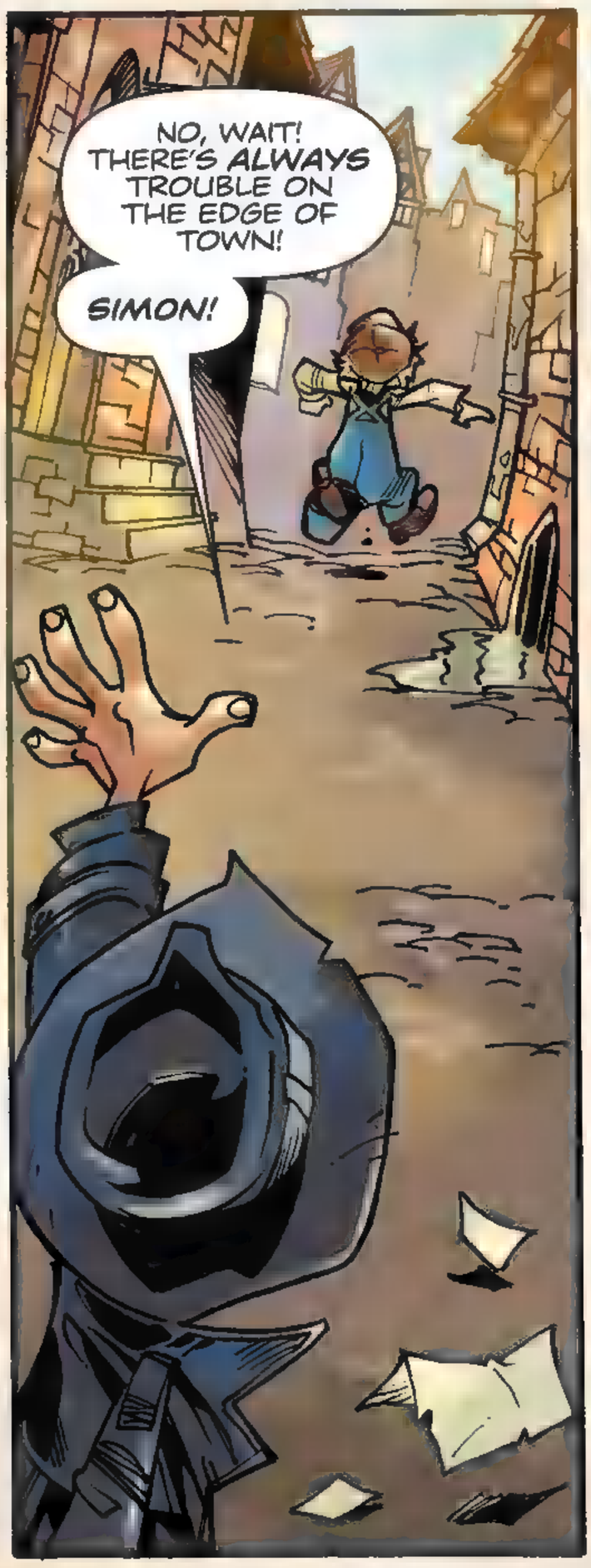
THERE'S TROUBLE IN THE SKY. WE MUST GET BACK TO THE PALACE.
WE'LL ADDRESS THIS LATER. SHOW HIM THE WAY BACK TO THE STREET.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, FRANKIE! DON'T UPSET THE APPLE CART!
WE'LL BE IN TOUCH! YIPPITY, YIPPITY!

WELL, WELL... THE LOVELY ALICE AND HER LITTLE TEA PARTY. WHAT A SURPRISE...

FRANKIE! FRANKIE! DID YOU HEAR THAT NOISE? THERE'S TROUBLE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN! WE GOT A CALL FROM THE OUTSKIRTS!

YEAH, I HEARD IT. I THINK THEY PROBABLY HEARD IT ALL THE WAY OUT IN ROMANCE REALM--
WE HAVE TO GO QUICKLY! COME ON!


NO, WAIT! THERE'S ALWAYS TROUBLE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN!
SIMON!

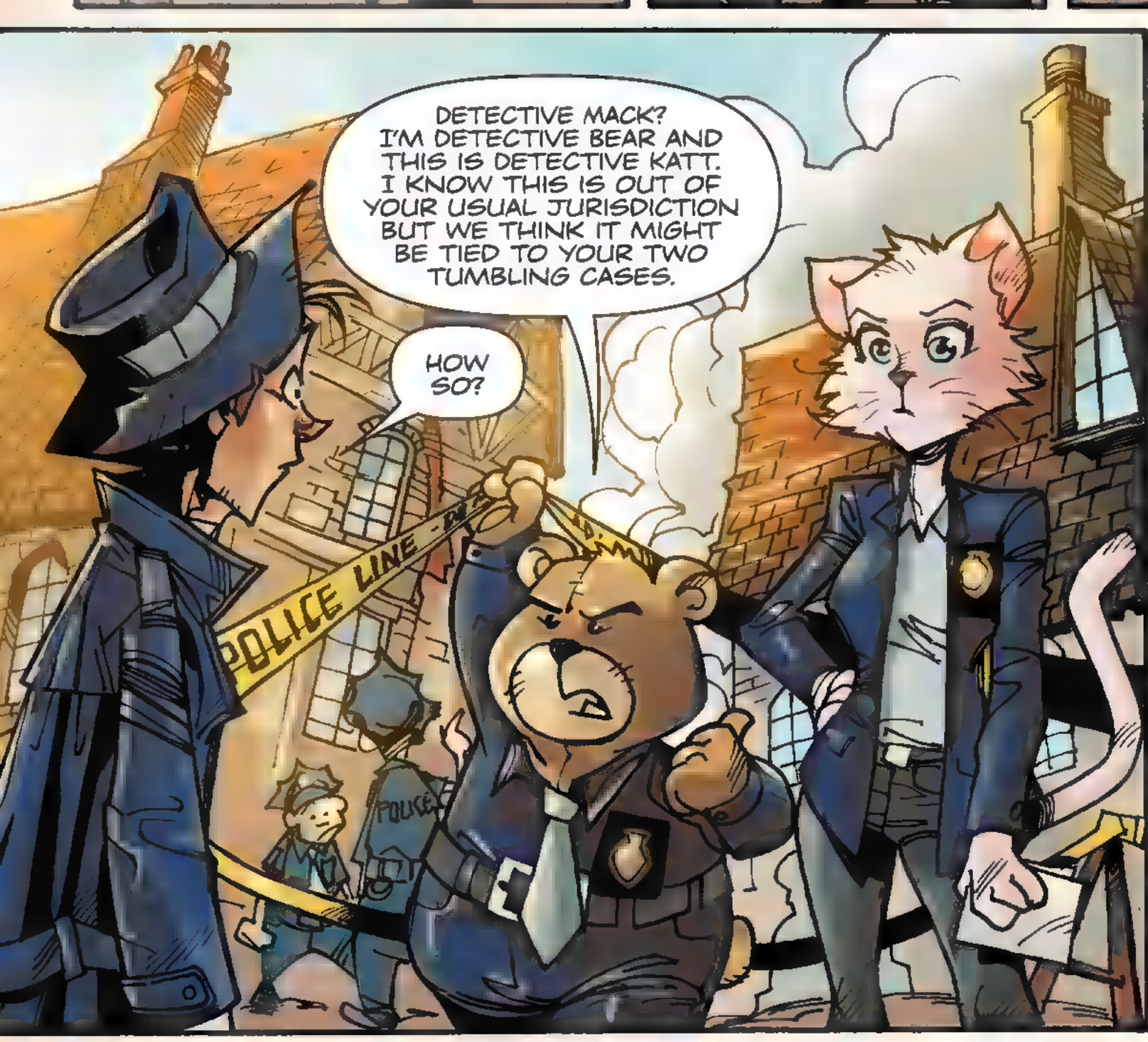
SIGH

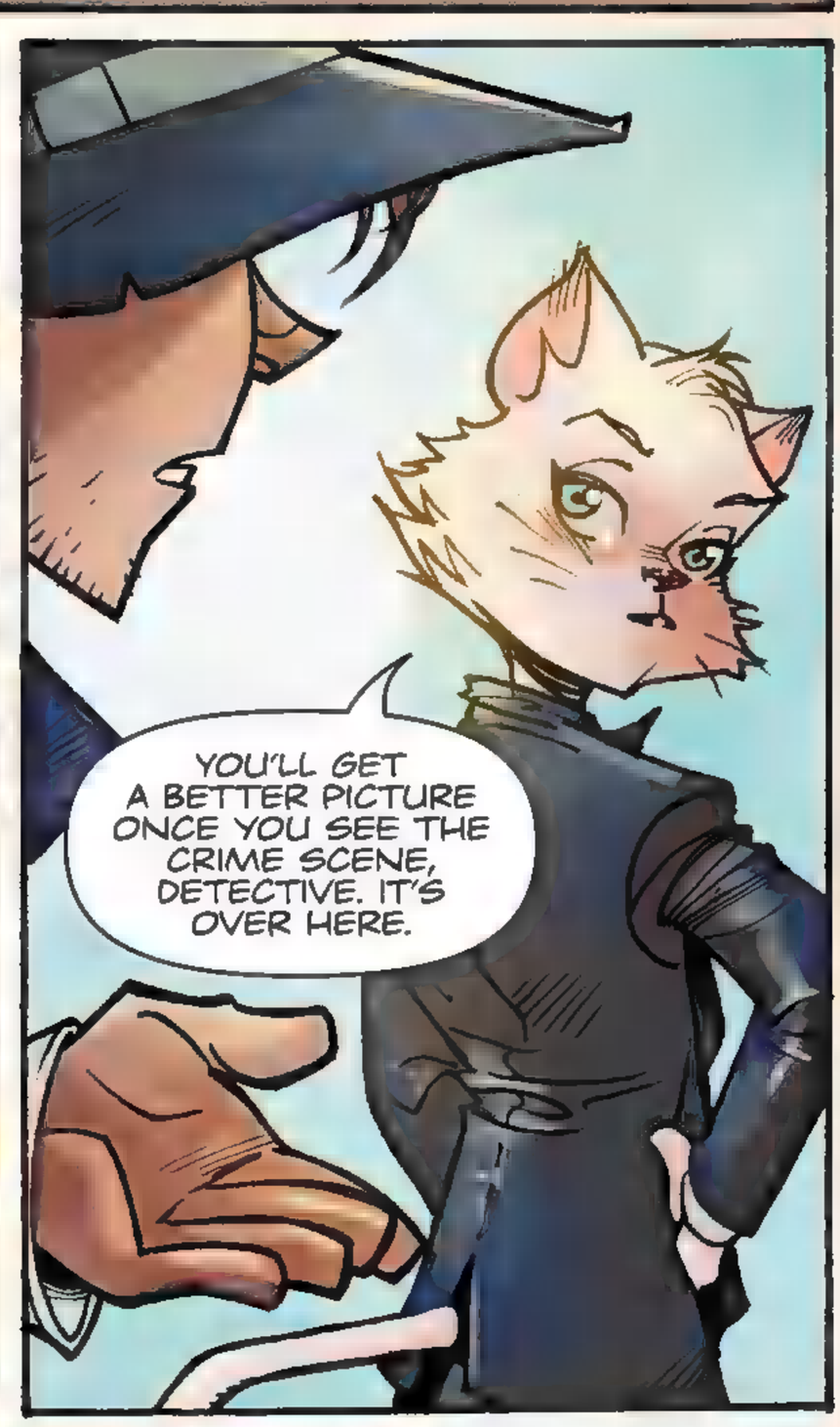
SIMON! WAIT UP, YOU BONEHEAD!

SIMON, WAIT! WHAT DO WE KNOW?
CAN'T TALK, FRANKIE...<HUFF> IT'S JUST UP AHEAD...

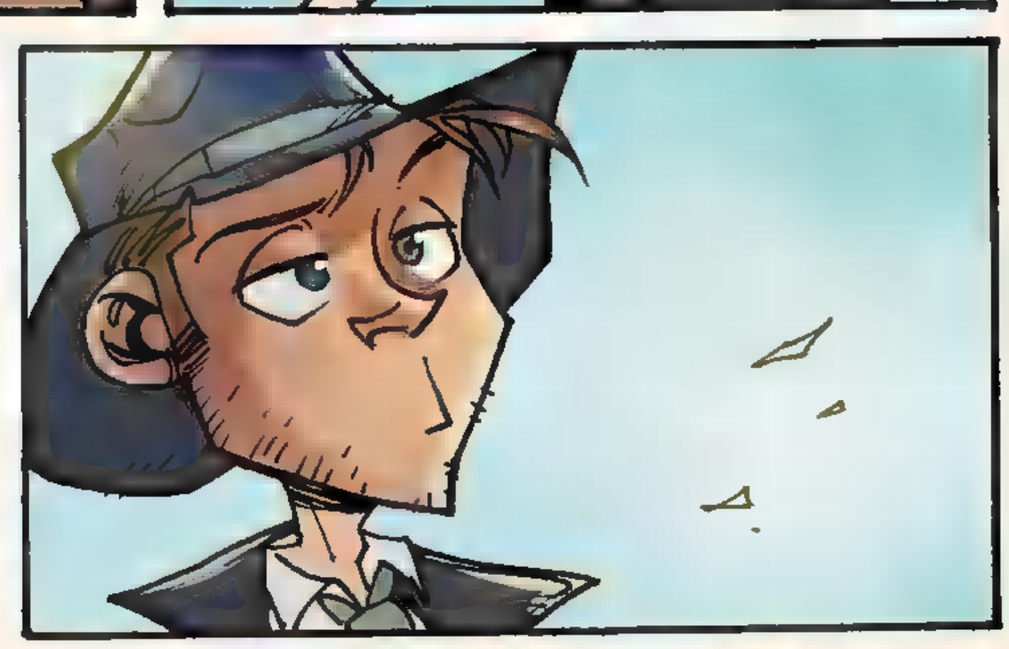
SIMON, LISTEN TO ME: I JUST GOT A VISIT FROM ALICE. AND SHE WASN'T WORKING ALONE--THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE HANGING BACK IN THE SHADOWS. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT *MEANS?*
NOPE.

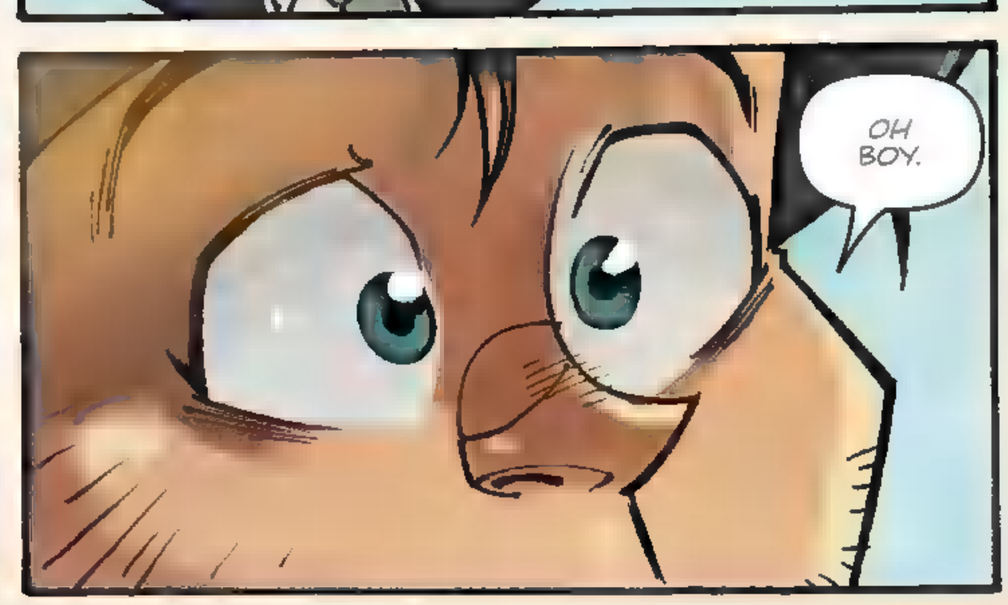
IT MEANS WE GOT A BIG PROBLEM ON OUR HANDS. WE GOTTA BE CAREFUL, OKAY? THE OUTSKIRTS IS WITCH TERRITORY. YOU GO TALK TO SOME OF THE MUNCHKINS AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHAT THEY SAW.
AND DON'T *TOUCH* ANYTHING.
OKEY-DOKEY.


DETECTIVE MACK? I'M DETECTIVE BEAR AND THIS IS DETECTIVE KATT. I KNOW THIS IS OUT OF YOUR USUAL JURISDICTION BUT WE THINK IT MIGHT BE TIED TO YOUR TWO TUMBLING CASES.
HOW SO?
POLICE LINE
POLICE

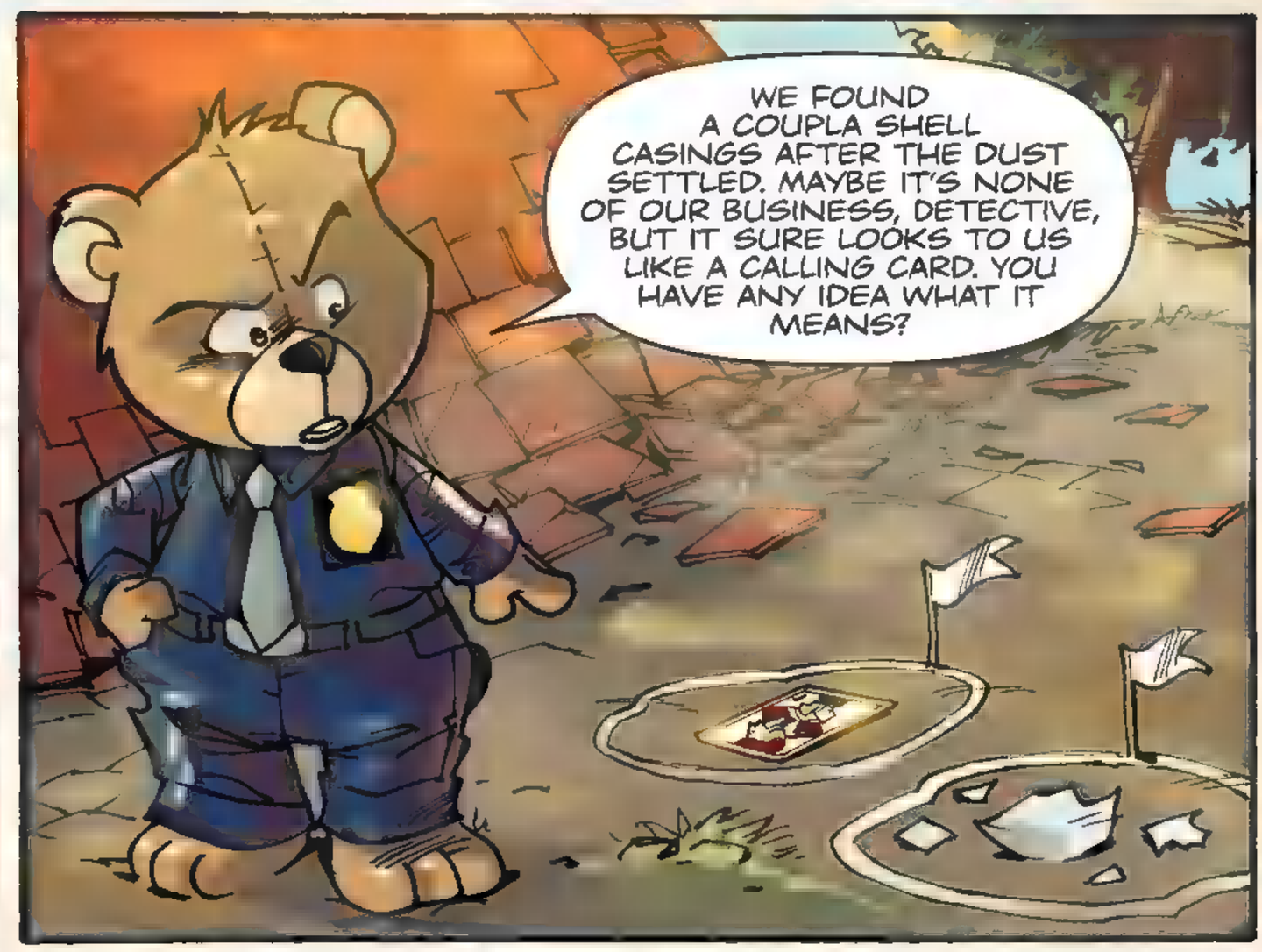

YOU'LL GET A BETTER PICTURE ONCE YOU SEE THE CRIME SCENE, DETECTIVE. IT'S OVER HERE.

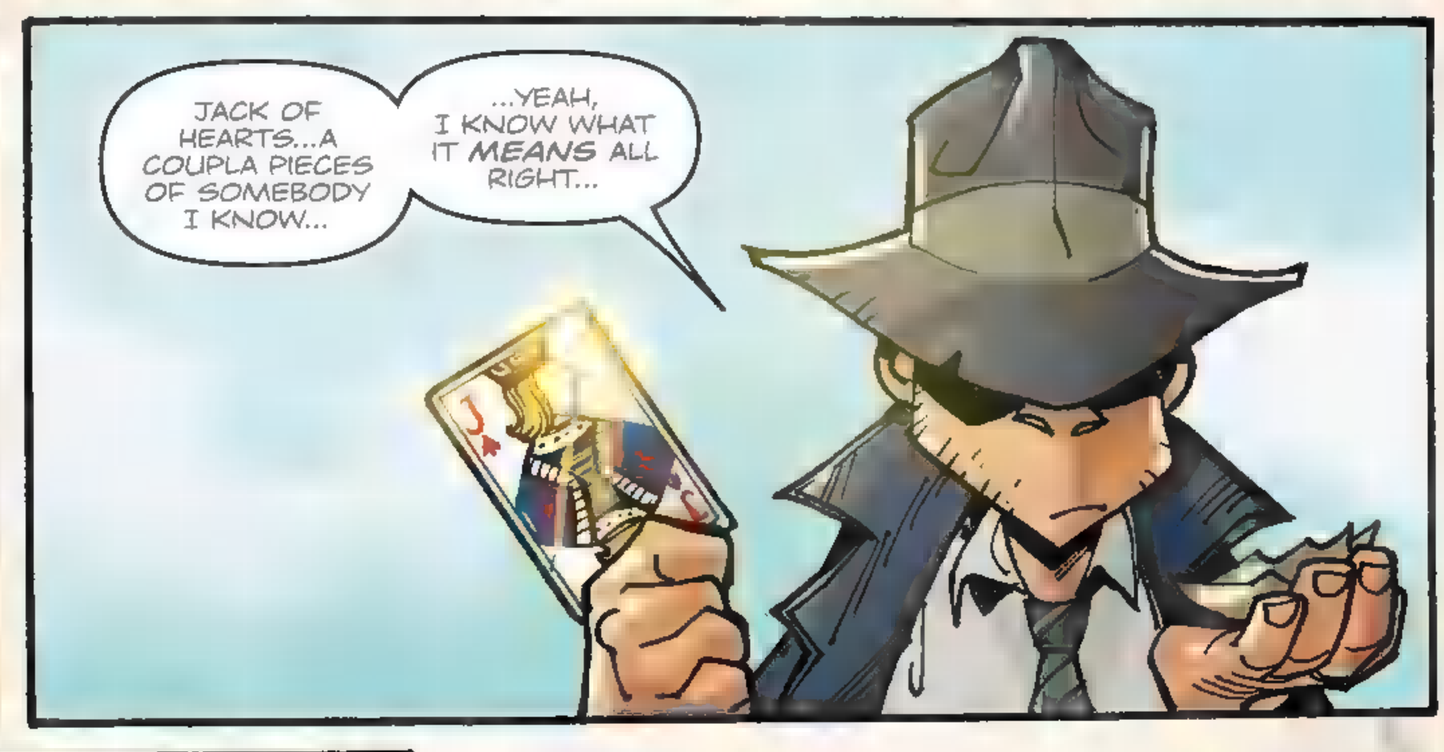
I DON'T GET IT. WHY DOESN'T ANYONE IN THIS TOWN EVER GIVE ME A STRAIGHT ANSWER?




OH BOY.

POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROS





To Be Continued...

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QUICK SHOTS with Editor-in-Chief MATT GAGNON

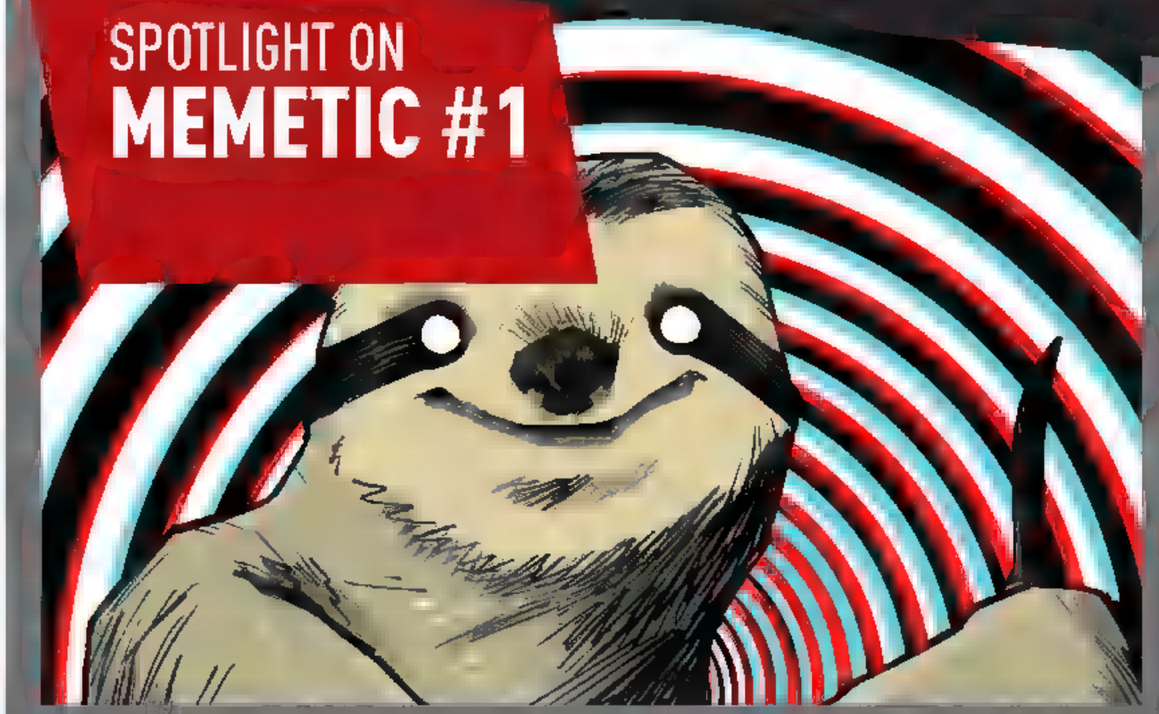
SLEEPY As in ***Sleepy Hollow***, the crazy awesome TV show everyone's losing their head over. Yes, bad pun, I know. But you know what's not bad? Marguerite Bennett writing a new Ichabod and Abbie adventure with Jorge Coelho on the art, and a killer backup story by Noelle Stevenson. And just in time for Season 2.

FABLES If you loved what Paul Jenkins and Humberto Ramos did on *Fairy Quest*, get ready for the next chapter in the wild world of Fablewood. ***Fiction Squad*** is not only an entertaining detective fantasy mash-up illustrated by Ramon Bachs, it's also a reminder of just how fun comics can be.

HENSON Jim Henson. Roger Langridge. Musical Monsters. These are a few of my favorite things, and why I can't wait for you to experience ***Jim Henson's The Musical Monsters of Turkey Hollow***. In the vein of *Jim Henson's Tale of Sand*, this OGN turns Roger Langridge loose on the lost television special by Jim Henson & Jerry Juhl. This book is a stunner.

DEL REY Last year, artist Vanesa R. Del Rey took the world by storm with her stunning debut work on the 1950s noir *Hit*, earning Eisner Award and Harvey Award nominations, and universal critical acclaim. Now, we're pleased to present ***Hit: Pen & Ink***, an over-sized collection of her uncolored artwork from *Hit* #1 & #2 with commentary from Vanesa and writer Bryce Carlson.

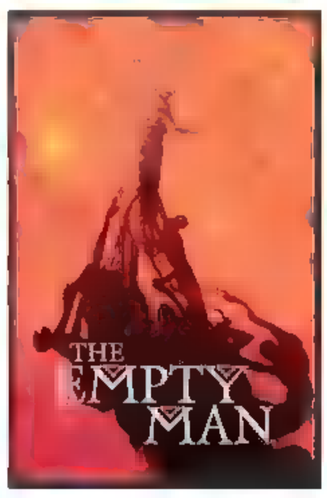
SPOTLIGHT ON MEMETIC #1

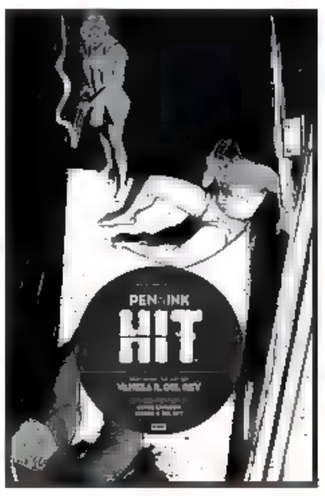


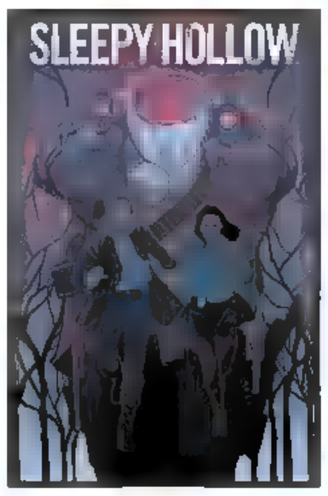
Story by **JAMES TYNION IV** | Art by **ERYK DONOVAN** | Cover by **ERYK DONOVAN**

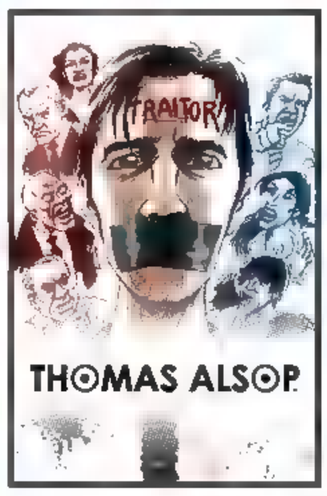
A meme is an idea that starts with an individual, and then spreads throughout multiple persons and potentially entire societies. Richard Dawkins suggests a meme's success comes from its effectiveness to the host. But history shows that destructive memes can spread just as rapidly through society. ***Memetic*** shows the progression of a weaponized meme that leads to the utter annihilation of the human race within 72 hours. The root of this apocalypse is a single image on the internet, a "meme" in the popular sense. A meme that changes everything.

OCTOBER RELEASES









ALSO IN STORES THIS MONTH

EVIL EMPIRE #8 • NIGHTBREED #6 • SONS OF ANARCHY #14 • SUICIDE RISK #18
3 GUNS TP • CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER: THE DARK WATCH VOL. 3 TP • FALL OF CTHULHU OMNIBUS TP

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ILLUSTRATED BY
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